

JOHN BULL

Vol. II. No. 35.

SATURDAY, FEB. 2nd, 1907.

ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]



*The world is a bundle of hay;
Mankind are the asses who pull;
Each tugs it a different way,
And the greatest of all is John Bull*

—BYRON.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

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JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

JOHN BULL to his Readers.

MY DEAR CHILDREN—As you are aware, I am the fortunate owner of oversea possessions, where members of my vast family live and move and have their being in much the same way as you do at home.

The opinions, the hopes, the aspirations, the sympathies of these children are, however, but imperfectly known here, and I propose to give them a wider publicity than they have ever yet enjoyed.

To effect this object, I have acquired a high-class monthly magazine, appropriately named **OVER-SEAS**, and which will, in future, be known as

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS will be published monthly, and the First Number of the New Series will be issued on the **15th of February** at the reduced price of **3d.** It will be fully illustrated, printed on art paper, and in get-up and literary value will be equal to the very best magazines.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS will enable you to keep in touch with your friends and relatives in the Colonies.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS will have the hearty support of all Agents-General.

JOHN BULL OVER-SEAS will have an Information Bureau for the use of its readers.

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Offices—4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

*Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant;
Without Fear or Favour—Rancour or Rant.*

Vol. II. No. 35.

Saturday, February 2nd, 1907.

One Penny.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

The Offices of JOHN BULL have now been removed to 4, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET, LONDON, where, in future, ALL COMMUNICATIONS must be addressed, except in regard to advertisements (see notice below).

Letters must be addressed to the Editor, or the Publisher, according to whether they relate to Editorial or business matters.

All editorial inquiries MUST BE MADE BY LETTER.

All matter appearing in JOHN BULL, unless otherwise signed, is editorial.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Arrangements have been made with Messrs. Greenberg & Co., Ltd., of 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who will in future conduct all advertising business connected with this journal, and to whom advertisers desiring spaces must apply for particulars.

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JOHN BULL OVER SEAS.

OUR NEW VENTURE.

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE DOINGS OF JOHN BULL ABROAD.

The people of Great Britain like to talk of the British Empire, the greatest, if greatness is synonymous with size, known to history. They think, or are told to think, and think they think, imperially. There is hardly a household that has not some near kinsman in one or other of the Colonies. Many a widow and maid have life made less thorny by help from the son or brother away in a distant dependency. And, year by year, Colonial questions are assuming greater importance for the statesman. We live in a small island. The accidents of geographical position and mineral wealth have enabled us to play a part in the world's affairs altogether disproportionate to our territorial size. But the relative position of States is rapidly changing. To many it seems, rightly or wrongly, that the United Kingdom must fall to the level of the Netherlands unless the Empire can be welded into a closer whole, and Great and Greater Britain become one even as, say, Bavaria and Saxony are one.

In these circumstances, it might be expected that colonial questions would be seriously studied by the people of the mother country, and that they would follow closely the course of events in the greater Colonies. An Imperial people cannot be indifferent to Imperial affairs. But it must be admitted that in the past interest in Colonial affairs has been tepid. If Ministers and people are less indifferent than they were they still have much to learn. They know little or nothing of public opinion in the Colonies, and they have little opportunity of becoming acquainted with it. This is not as it should be, and now that JOHN BULL has won a recognised and leading position in Great Britain we propose to extend our scope and do for John Bull in India and the Colonies something of what we are already doing for John Bull at home. With this object, we have taken over a monthly journal that will be known to some of our readers as *Over-Seas*, started last year with the object of keeping John Bull at home in touch with John Bull over seas. It will now be known as *John Bull Over Seas*, and will be published on the 15th of each month, price threepence.

We have been told by many eminent public men that such a journal is much wanted, that it has their heartiest good wishes, but that the people of England take no interest in the Colonies. We shall see. Anyhow, we are going to give it a fair trial. Until we have done so we will not believe that it will not be welcomed in Imperial England. It will, we venture to think, deserve to be read by all who take an intelligent interest in the Empire. If it is read by a fraction of them it will be a success, and it will do a good work. We ask the readers of JOHN BULL to rally round us in our new enterprise. And to put our request into practical shape, we ask every reader of this journal to order the February issue of *John Bull Over Seas*.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The sight of our leading jesters (of both sexes) forming pickets outside stage doors affords a comic interlude in the history of Labour. We have no doubt that Miss Marie Lloyd will be very successful in her new part as a peaceful persuader, and we wish she may get the fulfilment of all her desires. We will even admit that the "Music-hall War" is a pleasant relief after the "Book War," which was growing monotonous. But we hope this sort of thing will not be extended indefinitely, for such dislocations are inconvenient to the public, which, after all, has some claim to consideration. Surely that eminent angel of peace, Mr. W. T. Stead, with his special and peculiar knowledge of music-halls, might well come forward now with a proposal for arbitration.

Talking of the *Times* "Book War," we draw our readers' attention to the amazing revelations in *Truth* last week. It was there stated that the *Times* people, in their desperate attempt to buy books cheaply, had actually employed people to trick publishers, even pretending that the books were only required for export. If this is not a false pretence, we confess we do not know the meaning of the words, and, in view of the documentary evidence adduced by *Truth*, we shall await the explanations with interest.

The haste with which many well-meaning persons have condemned the impulsive action of Sir A. Swettenham illustrates a departure from the good old John Bull attitude of our fathers. Peace and quiet are all very well, ententes cordiales are sweetly pretty in theory, jingoism is no doubt very rude and rough and wrong. But it is sometimes necessary to assert ourselves, and the most Christian sentiments may be carried too far. We are to remember that the American admiral was indiscreet and provocative, that he fired salutes when particularly requested not to do so, that he landed Marines without asking leave, and that he made a gratuitous assumption about the Governor's ability to maintain order. In fact, the admiral behaved offensively. Perhaps he judged a British colony by Yankee standards. Because an earthquake induced looting and panic at San Francisco, he presumed that similar phenomena would occur at Kingston. The Governor put him in his place with genial banter and sarcasms. Then there are people who think that Yankees covet all American territory, and, in their eyes at any rate, we should have looked foolish if we had tamely acquiesced in an intrusive attempt to police our subjects. After all, there are such things as international law and international courtesy—even in times of earthquake.

Still, thanks to the common sense of Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Haldane, l'affaire Swettenham is settled without either bad blood or tremendous adjectives. As to the friendly feelings and humane sentiments of Admiral Davis, there is no question. He was also moved by that touch of nature which is said to make the whole world kin. But it was done in the style of the American temperament. Without meaning any offence, without even understanding that he was giving any, Admiral Davis probably hustled around and bossed the show, and the Governor, with his nerves ajar and his mind on the rack, felt his dignity a little ruffled, and allowed himself to be betrayed into expressions and actions which, if not to be defended, may, in the circumstances, be excused.

The whole trouble, in fact, was due to one of those temporary aberrations which are apt to afflict the minds

of men in moments of intense physical and mental strain. Normally, a man may be the best fellow in the world—your best friend, it may be. Suddenly, while in the crisis of some personal calamity, or suffering from temporary derangement of the liver, he may turn upon you and rend you, so that he seems your friend no more. But it is all right. He means well. You know he is without vice. Nansen relates that though, normally, his crew were the best of friends, the long nights of loneliness in the great white silence preyed on their minds so much that presently they began to hate the sight of each others' faces. "These little things are sent to try us," and each nation has made haste to put the best construction on the other's motives. That is a good thing for the rest of the world to see.

Recently, a Brockley woman, a widow, with a young baby, wrote to the Social Bureau, Salvation Army, from her address at 102, Foxberry Road, Brockley, "for the means of obtaining a few articles of clothing, together with a sewing-machine that she had been compelled to part with, to enable her to take an appointment in presentable apparel." In reply she received the following extraordinary letter: "My Dear Sister,—Your letter and request for clothes of the 13th inst., we are sorry that we are not able to send you any, or would gladly do so. Your fears may be needless; possibly you are the most conscious of the condition of your clothes; but remember poverty is no disgrace, it is only sin. May God bless you.—Yours faithfully, A. Barker (Mrs.), per E. P. Dearlove."

There is a certain jarring unctuousness about this epistle according to Barker, or Dearlove, which we hesitate to characterise in that pellucid English for which John Bull is famous. We are not acquainted with the great man who originally alleged that poverty was no disgrace. He did not speak the truth, anyway, for it is one of the biggest crimes outside the calendar. A man or a woman can do a great deal of sinning without being much the worse off, and even with an odd chance or two of being a great deal better off in this world, whatever may happen to him in the next. On the contrary, when people are poor, and look it, they are in about as bad a way as it is possible to be. And "may God bless them," as Mrs. Barker would say, for apparently the Salvation Army can't. In such cases, however, we beg that its officers will refrain from making ridiculous theological remarks. Its mission is to comfort, not to irritate. Miss McAuliffe assures us that "she can give references as to respectability," and if there are any philanthropic ladies among our readers, they may incline their hearts to assist her without undue peachments. May God bless her! Up to the present He certainly hasn't.

A reader has sent us the *Labour Leader* for January 11. Under the heading of "Bravo for the I.L.P.," we read that Mr. Keir Hardie's challenge to his friends to subscribe £1,000, to be added to the thousand presented him on his jubilee and handed over to the Special Effort Fund, has been honoured, and the readers are told "to rejoice and give thanks." Then we observe, with regret, that Mr. Philip Snowden is too ill to keep his lecturing engagements. Snowden is an eloquent speaker and an earnest chap, but we have watched him in the House, and are afraid he will never reach the age of the late lamented Baroness. However, we wish him a speedy recovery. Turning from the editorial to the advertisement pages, we were edified to observe that this organ of Socialism, and presumably also of trades-unionism, advertises trousers at 2s. per pair, with a better quality "for evening wear" at 2s. 6d. There are also "new tweed trousers, beautiful dark shades, plain and fancy stripes, at 3s., post free." Then there is "Tea.—The famous S.D.F. (Social Democratic Federation) Blend, 1s. 6d. per lb., sold by So-

cialist Clubs everywhere," and the Club "buying largest quantity each month is entitled to the services of a first-class lecturer." We have often heard Socialist lecturers ridiculed, but this is the first official intimation we have come across that they are to be given away with a pound of tea. We must take the *Labour Leader* regularly in future.

Speaking at the Congress Hall, Clapton, the other day, General Booth made a delightfully characteristic remark anent his Satanic Majesty. "Oh! that Devil," he exclaimed, "he is the only being in the universe against whom I have any real spite. How he has tortured my soul! But soon I shall be rid of him, and as I go through the gates of Heaven, I shall make a polite bow—or as polite a bow as I can—and say, 'Good-bye, Mr. Devil, I have done with you!'" The idea of the Devil escorting people to the gates of Heaven and then politely raising his hat surely belongs to the "New Theology." Poor Old Nick! No one has a kind word to say of him. Yet, whatever would the Churches have done without him?

People who wish to municipalise everything should be asked why it is that public traders cannot behave with the ordinary decencies which we expect from private purveyors. Take the wretches who supply us with gas, water, etc. Instead of sending in their accounts with their dutiful compliments, and a request "for further esteemed orders," they issue "demands," accompanied by threats of dire consequences if they be not satisfied in so many days. They treat you very like a criminal almost before you are legally in their debt. Think what it will be when all our necessities are doled out to us in this insulting way.

Some of the Bermondsey Guardians are queer chaps. The Visiting Committee received an offer from the National Sunday League to give a free concert of sacred music on a Sunday evening to the inmates of the workhouse. Whereupon there was a fierce eruption of the Nonconformist conscience. A Mr. Williams, the deputy-chairman of the committee, considered Sunday League concerts a "desecration of the Sabbath"; whilst a Mr. Burton's contribution to the debate touched high-water mark. "Having regard to the number of deaths of aged people that took place at Ladywell, he thought that they should not spend what might be their last Sunday on earth in listening to sacred music." What can the man mean? Does he think, in accordance with the conventional view of our occupation in heaven, that the old people will have enough music when they go aloft? Or is Mr. Burton a lineal descendant of the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy"?

The appointment of Saint Augustine to the Chief Secretaryship of Ireland is not only popular with the Irish party, but with the rank and file of the Liberals as well. Despite his misfortunes over the Education Bill, Mr. Birrell is undoubtedly a personal success as a Minister. He has tact and he has brains; he has courage and he has convictions; he has a capacity for hard work and a smile that won't come off. The Nonconformist Conscience will miss him, and will not get another like him; but the loss of Mr. John Clifford will be the gain of Mr. John Redmond. Mr. Bryce was a rather heavy and prosaic Irish Secretary. Mr. Birrell, we venture to prophesy, will prove a brilliant one, because his prose will be touched by imagination. He has our best wishes.

Here is a conundrum. Is a photograph a picture? Judge Parry, of the Manchester County Court, has decided it is not, so that it may be a tramway-car, or a pickled onion, or a Fignon haddock, or a neighbour's cat, or a dish of sauerkraut, or a prime bit of old Stilton, or anything else you like, subject, of course, to the Court of Appeal, with whom the final decision will rest. Some

enlarged photographs were despatched by rail, and got lost until they were found two months afterwards, when they had ceased to be of value. The judge held that the photographs were not pictures within the meaning of the Act, and gave a verdict for the defendants. For our part, we can conceive of photographs as pictures, and of photographs as being too awful for the coal cellar. We recall that after the massacre at Mitchellstown, the G.O.M. declared that photography could not lie, so a few days afterwards a photograph was produced by one of his enemies showing him reeling out of an East-end pub., with his top hat squashed on his head like a concertina. That was a picture, beyond all question.

The hell-fire enthusiasts will not at all approve of the declaration of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who says "it seems hardly worth while on the part of the Creator of the Universe to destroy us for our pitiful little failures. Sin is selfishness and love is life." Mr. Campbell has been a long time finding it out, yet at almost every other street corner and in many pulpits we hear that terrible doctrine of hell—the hell of "St. John the Divine"—dinned into the ears of the multitude. The Creator, so runs the truly incredible story, will punish the wicked with fire and brimstone "in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb, and the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever, and they have no rest day nor night."

It seems almost incredible that any sane man or any woman can believe that a just, to say nothing of a merciful, God, would stoop to such barbarity towards one of His creatures, "created after His image." Compared with this conception of the Creator, Nero would be a saint, and the fires of Smithfield would be an ecstasy of joy. But, after all, the "new theology" is neither new—nor is it theology. It is just plain, simple, common-sense humanity.

We find that in our recent reference to a paragraph respecting ourselves, which appeared in the *Times of India*, we did an injustice to the London correspondent of that journal, who turns out to be a well-known journalist of thirty years' standing, and who entirely dissociates himself from the opinions to which we took objection. The offensive paragraph was from an occasional correspondent, who signs himself "Cygnus." Perhaps it was his "swan song." R.I.P.

The Feltham magistrates take exception to our recent Post-card respecting the fines imposed upon three men for sleeping in a deer pen in Bushey Park. They point out that "tramps and such-like persons sleeping in these pens have for some time past been a constant cause of trouble, both in winter and summer"; that the pens are in a part of the park which is private, and that unless the men who convert them into dormitories are punished, they must be dismissed—with the result that "the pens would become a kind of outdoor casual ward." We are further assured that after the tramps have left the pens, the deer will not come near them, and that the hay which has been used for mattress purposes "becomes verminous, and is left in a filthy condition, which can be better imagined than described, and has to be destroyed." We readily give this side of the question, in fairness to the Feltham bench.

The action recently concluded in the High Court, in which a reader of *M.A.P.* has succeeded in obtaining judgment against the proprietors on account of the alleged negligence of their City Editor, is not without significance. We are not personally much impressed with the soundness of the judgment of the Lord Chief Justice, and should not be surprised to see it reversed on appeal. The point of interest to the general reader, however, is what—to him—will be the revelation that

the City Editor of a widely-read paper may be a young man who admits in the witness-box that he has never been in a stockbroker's office and is so utterly ignorant of stock and share matters as to have handed over his correspondents to the tender mercies of a bankrupt outside broker. And when we read that this same City Editor, who has now reached the ripe age of thirty-four, occupied similar positions on other papers "eleven years ago," surely it should be a lesson to the public to look with suspicion upon the financial articles of the ordinary newspapers. There are one or two young men at present occupying the position of City Editors of reputable journals as to whom we shall have a word to say ere long.

During the inquiry into the strange adventures of M. Barbier the other day—adventures in and out of a lady's bedroom at the Hotel de Bailey—there was a momentary conflict of counsel as to what would have happened if the intruder had been the Archbishop of Canterbury. "What I said was," interrupted the learned Bower, K.C., "that if the Archbishop came into one's room at night without any Archiepiscopal insignia of office, or without any apron over his pyjamas, anybody would have a right to arrest him at once." We trust this will be a warning to the episcopacy not to wander down hotel corridors in the late evening or the early morning without taking their full episcopal insignia with them. What an Archbishop looks like in the insufficient attire mentioned by the learned counsel is at present known only to the wife of his breast, but it is hereby suggested, in the interests of an anxious populace, that one of the ha'penny illustrated papers should obtain a photograph of his lordship in that special state of innocence. The picture would be regarded as being worth a gold frame in thousands of happy homes, and it might even inspire an artist of talent to a stained glass window.

Keir-Hardie's leadership of the Labour Party in the House of Commons is doomed. The rejection by the Belfast Conference of his latest pet scheme, Women's Suffrage, is the last straw. We quite expect to see Mr. Shackleton selected to lead the party next session.

We have been looking through the February number of *Broad Views*, "a monthly periodical dealing with subjects of general interest, without regard to conventional habits of thought." It is edited by the well-known "occultist," Mr. A. P. Sinnett, and it certainly lives up to its title. In the current number is an extraordinary article from the pen of the editor on "The Origin and Purpose of Stonehenge." In common with most people, we have been in the habit of regarding this wonderful group as the remains of an old temple, erected for sun-worship, or for the purposes of burial rites during the bronze age. Sir Norman Lockyer has, however, recently completed most elaborate astronomical tests, leading him to locate the origin at about the year 1,700 B.C. But Mr. Sinnett, with a confidence which admits of no possible doubt of error, tells us that Stonehenge was constructed by the Atlanteans (the name given to the general body of inhabitants of the lost continent of Atlantis—now at the bed of the Atlantic) 91,700 B.C. How were the huge stones got there? Mr. Sinnett tells you: "The Atlantean adepts, as engineers, knew how to perform a feat which would dazzle the Royal Society of to-day. They knew how to deprive stone masses of their weight"! Readers who wish to learn more about these things should get *Broad Views*—where they will find special articles on the Zancigs, the Channel Tunnel, and other topical subjects.

If a man is assumed to be innocent until he has been found guilty, how comes it that the police have confiscated letters addressed to Rayner? And is it not

un-English to harass him in hospital, when he is not strong enough to know what he is saying, or to know that what he says will be used against him? Of course, there is no doubt about his guilt, but that does not excuse the system, which might equally well be used against an innocent man. Lastly, is there not some irony in making such desperate efforts to save his life, only to bring him to the scaffold?

Mr. De Grey, a police magistrate, contends that a monkey has a perfect right to use a public footway. If so, why not a donkey or a horse or an elephant? As it is, undue leniency is shown to perambulators, which undoubtedly do cause an obstruction.

John Bull's Biscuits.

AWARD No 178.

For announcing at the conclusion of the speech of Mr. Knight, Conservative L.C.C. Candidate, at the Bow and Bromley Club, that a lady would sing "Idle Words,"

THE CHAIRMAN (MR. STEVENS),
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No 179.

For being hoaxed into publishing that squirrel story in its issue of January 11th,

THE DAILY MAIL
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 180.

For preventing a man from making a further attempt to rescue a drowning person, by directing him to put on his clothes, "because women are present,"

MR. DAVIES (MASTER OF THE LAUNCH "COMMANDER")
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 181.

For attempting to get an out-of-work metal worker committed to prison for non-payment of balance due for its obsolete "Encyclopædia Britannica," and thus (according to Judge Rentoul) "reducing the Court's process to a farce,"

• THE TIMES
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 182.

For reprimanding a lady who had taken a stray dog to the station, on the ground that it was the constable's duty to collect stray dogs, "after people had gone to bed,"

THE POLICE AUTHORITIES
TAKE THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 183.

For proposing to nationalise "all the means of life,"

A LABOUR DELEGATE
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 184.

For pleading as an excuse for travelling daily for a month without a ticket that he had applied for a "season," but had not enough to pay for it,

MR. ARCHIBALD PERCIVAL HALLICK
(of South Woodford)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 185.

For claiming credit for "leniency," in sentencing a man under police supervision, to three months' hard labour for absence from his registered place of abode,

MR. FRANCIS (THE STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE)
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

AWARD No. 186.

For kissing the daughter of the Mayor and Mayoress of Southwark, at the recent treat given by them to crippled children, and explaining that he thought she was "one of the cripples,"

THE LORD MAYOR
TAKES THE BISCUIT.

THE REMITTANCE MAN.

THE CURSE OF THE COLONIES.

By H. R. KENVYN.

It is strange, but nevertheless true, that the majority of the people living in the United Kingdom have never heard of "remittance men," probably for the simple reason that they are never to be found at home. Yet they are the most unique export shipped from these shores, to stunt the moral growth of the young and vigorous nations beyond the seas. The simplest definition of a remittance man would be—"One who has narrowly escaped the clutches of the law in Great Britain and is shipped out to some colony by his relatives, with a monthly or quarterly allowance, on the condition that he stays abroad." Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, all contain gems of this precious class of humanity, and when you have seen one remittance man you have, to all intents and purposes, seen the lot, for their points of similarity are these:—(1) They invariably belong to what is termed in England the "upper classes"; (2) they are all the production of some public school; (3) most of them have been through the Varsities, while others have held commissions in his Majesty's Services; (4) they are all thorough-paced blackguards.

This is a strong indictment, but it has solid fact as its basis. The reasons of their downfall are variously gambling, drinking, forgery, "going the pace," and, not infrequently, the Divorce Court, where they have figured as co-respondents. Of course, when the crash comes, there is a hasty meeting of relatives, who decide that to save the family name "Reggie" must go to Canada, or some other colony, and he is accordingly shipped off, with a sufficient allowance to permit of him living without working. Arriving at the unfortunate country to which he is consigned, say Canada, he will almost invariably go "on a burst," and spend all the ready money he had with him for travelling expenses. Having begged a loan from some person to whom he has a letter of introduction (they always have scores of these), he continues his journey to the Western cattle station or farm to which he is consigned. Perhaps he attempts a little work in a dilatory sort of way, but suddenly remembers that his remittance is due, and departs for the town. Here he settles down, and as he can never reconcile himself to his surroundings, soaks himself with drink, and continues in that state until his money is spent. Then he starts in to sponge on everybody until the next remittance day, when the performance is repeated.

The contempt the natives have for these men is beyond the power of expression, and there are camps in the West, known to the writer, where the admission of being an Englishman will debar many a deserving man from obtaining work, simply because employers believe remittance men to be true specimens of Englishmen. Sometimes the "lost sheep" are such a nuisance that the authorities have to ask their people at home to stop their remittance, and the remittance man, to his great disgust, has to get out and earn a living. Having no intellectual powers to speak of, he has to turn to manual labour, and the writer once had working for him in a British Columbian mining camp two remittance men, one an Oxford man, and the other a man who had held a captain's commission in the Army, and had served through the Chitral, Soudan, and South African campaigns. The other members of the gang were Austrians, Slavs, Poles, and Chinamen. This was the depth to which these "gentlemen of England" had sunk. Yet they were for ever boasting of their descent and how they were related to lord this and the duke of that, and when the stalwart Westerners, sons of the mountains and prairies, men in the truest sense of the word, looked upon those drink-sodden specimens of British aristocracy, it is little wonder that their opinion of Englishmen was lowered. There is a saying that there is no blackguard like an educated blackguard, and it is the cause of a great deal of resentment in the

Colonies that they should be used as a dumping-ground for educated criminals, who toil not neither do they spin owing to an antipathy to those pursuits. Just imagine the effect these men have upon the minds of the rising generation of the vigorous nations over seas. Take the case of a small mining camp in British Columbia. The children are coming from school. They have been deeply impressed by a lesson on the Empire and the character of the British heroes who carved that Empire from waste worlds and seas, and they are filled with love and admiration for the little island far away, from whose stock they are descended. Suddenly a saloon door flies open and a staggering figure falls across the sidewalk. That is the educated heir of all the ages, the remittance man, the only specimen of Englishmen these children have ever seen. His remittance has arrived!

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL.

By A PATRIOT.

I agree with the opponents of this scheme in regard to the dangers to our isle inviolate which are so apparent to half-pay colonels retired, ready to shed the last drop of somebody else's blood in defence of their arm-chairs and pensions. I recall the unwisdom of trying to run a railway train at the hellish speed of twenty miles an hour, to the terror of the cows and the chance of destroying the crops by the flyning sparks from the engine; and I am not forgetful of the folly of attempting to make iron float by the running of steamers to America in six days, instead of comfortably sailing for a month or so. When I think of all the terrible afflictions which will follow the construction of this wastrel's palace—blotting-paper microbes, incapacity for marriage, and housemaid's knee—I ask, Where are the crushers? A century ago—before my last re-incarnation—I laid awake o' nights in trembling apprehension of Boney's Boulogne flotilla of rafts, delayed in transmission. Where is that flotilla now? Possibly concealed in the Casino basement, manned by a million darned mounseers, ready at call to descend on our beloved country by means of this hole by the sea! What is there to prevent the L.C.C. increasing London's DEBT by running workmen's trams 2d. return—the Socialists!—and no policeman paid by motor-bus companies to check their maddening speed of ten miles an hour?

This accursed invention is not only an attempt to destroy the fishing industry by interference with their mal-de-mer prerogatives; it is the thin end of the wedge—either end. Will Germany stand it? Will not the Fatherland demand a similar tunnel running from Harwich to the Hook and through the Zuyder Zee? Will not Russia run a similar tunnel round the coast of Poland, endangering the road to India, and so destroy the buffer State by means of the late Shah's harem? I ask the Cunard and White Star Companies to contemplate the possible construction of a tunnel from Southampton to New York, bringing Tammany Hall, Standard Oil, monkey-houses, wooden nutmegs, heiresses, dime museums, sky signs, and Pinkerton's gang into our midst! Think of our beloved country being denuded of all that makes it famous—its statues, boards of guardians, fog, Lord Mayor's Shows, mince pies, yellow press, Hinde's curlers, and the City Temple. The die is cast, and dolly's done dancing if this tunnel is pushed through. Forts in every direction—Southend Pier to Blackpool's Great Wheel, Whitstable oyster-beds to Brighton Aquarium, Eton and Harrow to Bethnal Green Free Library, Poplar to Battersea family graves! Peace—yah! What will peace be worth if our wives can go for an afternoon stroll—and Worth sends his bill in next morning? Do the Nonconformists want the can-can here when they can go to Paris "on business" now to see it in all its hideous wickedness? Are frogs to supersede steak puddings, sausages and mashed, fried fish and potatoes—the source of England's greatness?

Besides, will it pay? If the Government will guarantee 10 per cent. I may have a little flutter, but can you expect it from a mongrel crew with no respect for the House of Lords? Suppose the French want Sunday races their end of the tube, will our end be a "place" within the meaning of the Act? How will it affect vaccination, vivisection, and passive resistance? If this folly is carried out, the sea will rise in its wrath, and coast erosion will extend to Birmingham and the Scilly Isles.

I shall continue to write letters to the Press. They will be inserted till Parliament meets. But I am afraid the tunnel will be built, and that we shall keep our end up, even if we have to blow it up occasionally.

IN THE CITY.

SPIERS AND POND.

A HOPELESS POSITION. FACE THE FACTS, AND LIQUIDATE.

In our issue of January 19 we dealt at some length with the position of this old and well-known company. Our statement, which has not been, and indeed could not be, successfully challenged, has brought us many communications from shareholders, who, recognising the truth of our criticisms, want to know what is to be done. We wish we could say that there were some means by which the old position of the company could be recovered, but we have looked at it all round, and have come to the conclusion that if shareholders are wise they will insist upon the company being wound up whilst there is still something in the way of assets over and above liabilities—not much, perhaps, but something. And something is better than nothing.

It is right that when a public journal advises a company still solvent to wind up, it should give its reasons for this very unusual advice, and this we will do. But in order to do so we must go at some little length into the past history of the company.

STORES AND THE SUBURBS.

As we said in our issue of January 26, the present position of Spiers and Pond is due to continuous bad management. In the history of industrial companies there has seldom, perhaps never, been an instance of an undertaking starting its joint stock existence under more favourable auspices than Spiers and Pond, Ltd. The original founders of the business were men of great capacity, who recognised that persons of moderate means, living in London, were very badly catered for. They sought, and successfully sought, to meet the want. They served the public well, and the public responded, as it almost always does, by making them rich. But soon after the company was formed their guiding hands were removed, the management fell to different men, and although for a time the old methods were maintained, after a while the new management followed a different policy, with the disastrous results with which we are now all familiar. The first mistake of the directorate was the establishment of the Stores. Perhaps if they had been under able practical management they might have prospered, but almost from the outset they lacked such management. Originally they were started to serve Spiers and Pond, and they were managed by Mr. Henry Maxsted, a first-rate man. The directorate thought so well of him that they paid him a salary of £1,500 per annum, and gave him a commission of 3¼ per cent. on the net profits of all the departments under his charge, that is to say, of all the shops running down the right-hand side of Water Lane. But Mr. Maxsted died, and from the time he left the Stores the position has been bad. They were first put under the charge of a Mr. R. G. Barber, who at one time kept a small grocery shop in Holborn. Then he became general manager of the Grocers' Association, where it cannot be said that he was a success. He then went to Spiers and Pond as general manager, where, after a time, he ceased to be appreciated by the directorate, and left. These Stores have never been managed, since Mr. Maxsted's death, by a practical man, and the directors have failed to grasp the great truth that nowadays metropolitan stores must go out to meet customers. The days have gone when a man was content to take home with him a parcel of grocery, a basket of fish, or what not. The really successful stores are successful because they have gone to the greater suburbs to look for business. They have worked up the suburban trade. Look, for example, at Hampstead, with its splendid shops, equal to anything in the centre of London. Note the practice of the leading traders like Slater's, Hudson's, Sainsbury's, Rabbit's, Welford's, Williamson's, Gow's, Lillie and Skinner's. All have gone into the suburbs. Their stores there are managed by practical men, brought up to the business from their youth, serving as lads behind the counter, in close touch with the

businesses they control, inspecting and supervising day in and day out. Take, for instance, Williamson's, of which Sir William Treloar is the chairman. The men in control of these very successful stores fulfil the conditions we have given above. They are practical men. The Secretary (Mr. Bird) is an accountant, like leading officials at Spiers and Pond; but whereas at Spiers and Pond the accountants have practical control, in Williamson's the accountant sticks to his own proper duties, leaving to practical men the business of looking after the business concerns of the company. It may be said that a first-class man put in charge at Spiers and Pond's Stores would make them prosperous, but it is very doubtful. The company have missed their chance. They might decide to go out into the country as their rivals have done, but they have delayed too long. They would go there to find the whole ground covered, and in new districts of Greater London they would have to reckon with the successful companies, who push out farther the moment there is a probability of adequate population coming along.

THE SPIERS AND POND HOTELS.

Take again the hotels. Here we have the same result of bad management. We said in our recent reference to the company that Bayley's Hotel pays, but why does it pay? It pays because it is still controlled by Mr. Bayley, who created the business, a shrewd, practical man, who knows its wants, meets them, and so thrives. Again the Victoria Hotel, Manchester, is successful. It is successful because a good man is in control. But speaking generally the hotels belonging to Spiers and Pond are badly managed. Let us give an illustration of our meaning. They have an hotel at ——. An acquaintance of the present writer went in there the other day with a friend. They were received at the door by a gorgeous flunkey. Our acquaintance and his friend wanted nothing more than a couple of sodas and whisky. They got them, and they had to pay not only for the liquor, but for the flunkey, to the tune of 2s. 6d. for the two drinks. A man at the seaside who is thirsty wants a good drink at a reasonable price, not at the charge he might be expected to pay at the latest and most fashionable hotel in London. Here again it may be said that the hotels under proper management might be made to pay. Perhaps they might, but then the proper men are rarely selected. When by chance Spiers and Pond have a good man they lose him. There was one, for example, Mr. Louis Mantell, a first-rate man, but he left them, and now he is with the National Liberal Club on the Embankment. Moreover, it must be remembered that the reputation of Spiers and Pond has become so bad that the knowledge that they own a hotel is sufficient to induce many travellers to turn away from its doors.

THE BARS.

Then there are the restaurants—the bars. Might not these, too, under proper management, be made to pay? We doubt it. The bar business is crippled, some of the most paying of the bars having been lost. The others have to reckon with bad reputation and the fact that their more enterprising rivals have got hold of the trade they have lost. Some time ago, Spiers and Pond's directors thought they would go into the enemy's country. They set up various shops to compete with Lyons' and Slaters'. It was the idea, we believe, of the man who was then in charge of the outdoor restaurants, one Augustus Schafer. They were called the British Bakeries, and were to stem the tide of loss. Schafer took control. There was one big shop opposite King William's statue, another was at Moor-gate Street Station, a third in Oxford Street, and many more. They were managed on the Spiers and Pond plan, and every one of them turned out a dismal fiasco. That experiment cost the company many thousands of pounds. We doubt very much whether any management could now revive the bar business of the company.

SALARY AND COMMISSION £3,000.

Then there is the publicity department to which we referred in our previous criticism of the company. The manager of this department (Mr. E. C. Javal) is a brother of the chairman of the company. Joining salary and commission, we understand that he gets between £2,000 and £3,000 a year. It is a monstrous waste of the company's money. We say, without fear of contradiction, that all he does might be better done, at any rate as well done, by a man on £300 a year, and that there are plenty of competent men who would be glad of the job on these terms. But what likelihood is there of the chairman of the company, M. P. C. Javal, retiring his brother, Mr. E. C. Javal, in favour of a man paid at the market rate?

BEST WIND UP.

It is for these reasons that we say that if the shareholders of the company are wise they will wind it up. Time was

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when the business might have been restored to its old prosperity, but we believe that time to have passed; we believe that even if really competent men were put into every department, and if there was a practical, able man at the head of everything, who thought only of the general advantage of the company, it would still be too late for it to recover its position. Its reputation is too bad, its rivals are too numerous, too powerful; therefore we say, wind it up, and distribute what there is left to distribute. We are quite sure the shareholders will not take this advice; we are equally satisfied that they would do so if they were well advised.

WALL PAPER MANUFACTURERS, LIMITED.

SOME MORE QUESTIONS FOR THE BOARD.

In our issue of January 26 we directed attention to this company, and gave reasons for the opinion that the dividend of 8 per cent. paid on the Ordinary shares last year was not earned, and that not only is the heavy premium at which these shares stand unwarranted, but that they are not worth par. It may be useful to go a little further into the matter, and to put some questions to the directorate.

We ask—Have the present assets of the Trust been made up on the basis of purchase consideration? If so, do the directors imagine that the £30,000 now allowed per annum for depreciation is sufficient to provide for the merging of the following firms?

Name of Firm.	No. of Machines.	Transferred and now Working Under
Yates, Dauncey and Dawson, of Radcliffe	about 15	Yates, Dauncey and Dawson Branch of the Combine at Golborne where 8 machines are running.
Mitchell Arnold, of Gortleston	about 11	
Wilkins, of Derby	about 11	
Grundy, of Stockport	about 8	
Slatters, of Heywood	about 8	
Barnes, Davidson, and Holden	about 5	
Six firms with about 47		

Where are the 39? Have they been scrapped, or are they lying about the yards awaiting destruction?

What was the cost to the combine of the six firms owning, say, 47 machines—drying apparatus, and the necessary equipment for colour mixing, packing, etc., and what is the actual value of the Yates, Dauncey and Dawson branch, irrespective of goodwill?

What has become of the 15 machines? Osborne Sherman have one or two, but where are the others? What are they going to do with the mill? They paid a good price for the concern. We understand £90,000. Was it worth it—a new concern, only in its first year, no figures practically to go upon, freeing a large number of outside merchants to support the remaining non-combine mills?

The branch of Wylie, Lockhear and Co., at Glasgow, has closed up, and the business is transferred to Potters, at Darwen. How much was paid, and what is the present value?

Henry Syer has allowed himself to be swallowed up. But where have they dumped his machines? Are they reposing in Cockshutt's yard, at Bow, ready for the hammer?

Have Carlile and Clegg left London for Derby, and has David Walker gone from Middleton to Lightbourne, at Pendleton? Are these moves to save expense (reduce labour) by concentration? Did the firms take their machinery with them? Or are they, too, retired from active service? If so, what allowance has been made in the accounts for the transfer?

How is the company getting on with the manufacture of colours? Has the venture been a success, or are they having trouble? It is very difficult for one to get an acknowledgment of failure, but inquiries from Darwen for colour do not augur well of the experiment.

Has a nephew of one of the directors ever been in the employment of an outside house whilst receiving a salary from the Combine? Manchester is a wonderful city.

With regard to the accounts, have the Trust made bad debts to the tune of £6,000 recently?

We shall have some more questions to ask next week.

KINSON POTTERY, LTD.

We have received a copy of the report and balance-sheet for 1906, to be presented to a general meeting of the registered offices of the company at 10 a.m. on Saturday, Feb. 2, 1907, and all things considered, very few small, or, indeed, large concerns can show a better record. The company has been going ten years, and we are told has never paid a smaller dividend than 10 per cent., and has paid as high as 15 per cent. per annum. A reserve of £9,300 has been built up, there are some 48 villas and cottages, with a large quantity of freehold building land, the chief works being

within three miles of Bournemouth. The chairman and original proprietor of these works is Mr. William Carter, also chairman of Homesteads, Limited (another 10 per cent. per annum concern), also chairman of "Carter's Deep Leads," that recently came before the public, and we cordially wish the same success for the latter shareholders as has been obtained by those of the older concerns.

THE JOHN BULL INVESTMENT TRUST AND AGENCY, LIMITED.

Governing Director—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, M.P.

The Company is prepared to undertake every description of bona-fide investment business. It does not, however, undertake any "Options," "Margins," or other "Bucket Shop" description of business.

Deposit of £10 and upwards received as under—

Subject to 1 month notice of withdrawal 5% per annum.

"	3	"	"	"	6	"	"	"
"	6	"	"	"	7	"	"	"

All communications to be addressed to—

THE SECRETARY, 4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

INVESTMENT OF £800.—ZAC (Streatham Hill).—Your list is an excellent one. The Grand Trunk Third Preference promises the best return, seeing that there is every likelihood of the value of the stock steadily increasing, and dividends being paid in the not distant future.

THE TICEHURST AND DISTRICT WATER AND GAS COMPANY.—H. T. (Bromley).—We would suggest your writing to the Secretary again reminding him that the annual general meeting has not been held; and asking him the explanation of the delay, and when it will be held. We shall be glad to see his answer, when we will reply to other points referred to in your letter.

CONTINENTAL BONDS.—MADONDA (Tananarive).—You have got the hang of it. The bonds are good enough, but having bought them of Cunliffe, Russell and Co. you paid about 40 per cent. more than you need have done. We are glad to hear from you that JOHN BULL helps you to pass away an hour or two pleasantly, and that you hand on the paper to friends. We shall be pleased to hear from you at any time as to what is doing, in any matter of interest to people on this side, in Madagascar.

SPRINGS AND POND.—COLONIAL.—We are in entire agreement with what you say about the management of this company. Of course, the fact that Mr. Javal was a clerk with the late Baron Grant does not affect the matter at issue. All the shareholders have the right to be concerned with whether Mr. Javal is doing his best for the company. No one questions his ability, or the attention he has given to the affairs of the company, but we do question very strongly his methods, and especially the system of pushing articles not asked for by the public because their owners are willing to pay a big price for the assistance rendered them in this way by the company.

INVESTMENT OF £250.—ONE AND ALL (Penryn).—Certainly not. Debentures resting upon the security of "Nerve Pills" are not inviting, and, speaking generally, a second mortgage should be avoided. If you want to invest your £250 safely and profitably, do so upon recognised security.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—D. J. M. (Stockbridge).—Assuming the correctness of the quotations, we fear your money is gone beyond recovery. It is bootless to point out to you the risk you run in sending money for Stock Exchange speculation to a man who is an utter stranger to you, and we strongly advise you not to attempt to recover your loss by further speculations. They will be almost certain to result in further disaster.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. J. (Broadway).—We should not allow the policy to lapse. The company has been very badly managed, and we never advise our readers to have dealings with American companies, but it is quite solvent. If, however, you want to increase your insurance we should advise you to go elsewhere.

CHAMBER CROSS BANK.—W. E. B. (Regent's Park).—We fear you do not read this page in JOHN BULL, or you would have found answers to your questions very often in past issues. You will find them given in our issue of last week, to which we beg to refer you.

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25, NEW BRIDGE STREET, LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.
And at Brighton, Birmingham, Croydon & Norwich.

VARIOUS SHARES.—O. G. (Balham).—(1) We should take the 10s. per share profit. (2) You had better sell the other shares for what you can get. They are not likely ever to show much improvement.

BISHOP'S CREEK GOLD MINING COMPANY.—M. J. D. (Hull).—Certainly not. Have nothing to do with these Yankee speculations.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—R. A. (Bilstone).—We could not advise you as to your likelihood of recovering the monies you have paid without seeing all the correspondence. If you like to send it to us we will examine it, but the amount at issue is comparatively small, and we do not think it at all likely that we should advise you to accept the risks of litigation in the hope of recovery.

STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.—A. V. L. (Boscombe).—We have forwarded your letter as requested.

SUNDAY BUILDING SOCIETIES.—H. J. H. (Burdett Road).—We cannot recommend anyone of the societies you mention as being amongst the best to deal with, although they are all respectably managed.

STRIKES AND FORD, LIMITED.—ALDERNEY (S. Belgravia).—The First Mortgage Debentures should be quite safe, and we advise you to sit still for the present.

INVESTMENT OF £2000.—NEW READER (Wimbledon).—Yes, we think the investment in shares of the Amalgamated Press would be a good one at the present time, and better than house property, which, in these days, and in the metropolis any way, is a very risky investment. Of course, the shares would want watching, but they give a very handsome return at present, and are likely to continue to do so.

EMPIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—W. J. P. (London).—We should prefer another selection.

IMPERIAL FIRE HOMES INSURANCE COMPANY.—J. F. A. (Glasgow).—Our reply is in the negative.

SICK BENEFIT SOCIETIES.—PIONEER (Calne).—Our advice to you is to remain with the Hearts of Oak, a first-class society.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT MOTOR BUS COMPANY.—J. F. (South Hackney).—We have no very late information. Perhaps if you were to write to the Secretary he would answer your question. If you do so we should like to know the result.

PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION OF LONDON.—(G.).—You have omitted to send us your name and address.

BROKERS AND DEALERS.—M. J. D. (Hull).—A broker is a person who buys and sells shares on Commission. A dealer is one who acts as a principal, making his own price, and either taking or supplying the stock himself. There are both brokers and dealers on the Stock Exchange, but the dealers are called "jobbers."

FREDERICK HOTELS COMPANY, LIMITED.—L. J. C. (Latham).—We cannot tell you whether it is true that "the Chairman of the Fredericks Hotels Company, Limited, is having another hotel built for himself in London, or, assuming it to be true, whether he intends to offer it to the F. H.'s Company, Limited, or to run it himself in opposition, it being close to one of the F. H.'s Company's, Limited, hotels."

PEARL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.—H. O. (Bacon).—Yes, it is quite sound. **ASHANTI GOLD FIELDS AUXILIARY, LIMITED.**—J. F. (South Belgravia).—We presume you agreed to the reconstruction, in which case you are liable for the calls. We are returning the letters from the Secretary, and we may say that we shall always be pleased to hear from you and to give you any information in our power.

SAFE INVESTMENTS.—D. F. (Birkenhead).—We should prefer Raphael Tuck's shares, which would give you at the present price a good return with excellent security.

PROOF STORES, LIMITED.—CONSTANT READER (Bournemouth).—Have you any papers in connection with the matter? If so, and you send them up, we will look into them.

RAFAEL TUCK AND SONS' PREFERENCE.—B. E. F. (Taunton).—We must apologise for overlooking your letter. The return on the Preference shares on December 31st last at the price then ruling, and upon the basis of last year's dividends, was 5 9-16ths.

THE AL CO-OPERATIVE SHIPPING AND TOURIST SOCIETY, LIMITED.—O. F. N. (Blandford).—We do not think it would be a suitable investment for your purpose.

KAMIS ZENOGRAPH SYNDICATE.—D. M. A. (Glasgow).—We will look into the matter, and let you know in our next issue.

MILESTONE AND STANFORD.—J. P. D. (Highbury).—We note that since writing to us you have received a letter from the Secretary informing you that he is "quite unable" to say when the balance-sheet of this Company will be issued. We agree that it is about time that the Secretary should be able to say.

BRYNEN HOMES ASSURANCE CORPORATION.—R. V. (Fleetwood).—(1) The answer is in the affirmative. (2) We should prefer another selection to that of Fuller's sweets.

PROVIDENT BONDS.—S. P. (Hove).—We are putting you in communication as desired.

OFFICINA GOLD MINING COMPANY.—A. H. (Ruthin).—We shall be always pleased to hear from you. We regret we have no encouraging information to give your friend respecting his shares.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.—W. J. S. (Lower Edmonton).—We regret that we have no information upon the point, but if you refer to Messrs. N. Keyser and Co., of 29, Threadneedle Street, E.C., mentioning that we have advised you to apply to them, we have no doubt they will give you the information you want, and whatever information they send you you may safely rely upon.

CUNLIFFE, RUSSELL AND CO.—G. B. (Harrogate).—Do not have dealings with these people. The Bonds are genuine, but you pay Cunliffe, Russell and Co. 30 to 40 per cent. more for them than they can be bought from London brokers.

AUSTRALIAN COMMONWEALTH OIL COMPANY.—DAY (Rochester).—We do not recommend you to increase your holding.

COMMONWEALTH CONSOLIDATED.—J. W. (Hexham).—You should communicate with Mr. Henry Hess, care of his trustee, Mr. F. S. Salaman, 1, Oxford Court, Cannon Street, E.C.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—J. L. (Leith).—We do not advise dealing with the firm in question.

PRIVATE COMPANY.—FERDINAND (Brixton).—We think the business too small for conversion, and should advise you to leave it as it is for the present.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—Y. Z.—If you read your JOHN BULL regularly, you would know our opinion of the firm in question.

BROKERS.—O. H. (Balham).—We do not recommend particular firms of brokers, except in the case of Bonds not generally dealt in on the Stock Exchange, such as the Bonds referred to in our answer to W. J. S.

OUTSIDE BROKERS.—O. H. O. (Pembroke Dock).—Have nothing to do with the firm.

LONDON AND PARIS EXCHANGE.—E. A. O. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—Our investigation satisfied us that the facts were not as represented.

MINING SHARES.—"DOUBTFUL" (Gipsy Hill).—Ida H. is a fair gamble. Carter's Deep Leads are among the pick of the Deep Lead market.

INSURANCE COMPANY.—G. J. H. (Hornchurch).—We do not recommend it.

UNION CONSOLIDATED COPPER MINING, LIMITED.—J. R. (Wrexham).—If a title of what the official reports say about the Company is true, it has a most valuable property, but the shares which were introduced on the London market in November last at from par to 1/2 premium are, as we write, 2 1/2 s. and have touched 2 1/2 s. They may, of course, go much higher, but they are very speculative, and we advise you to keep out of them.

JUNILKE GOLD MINES.—BENN.—(1) It has only a short life ahead of it. (2) Nelson's shares are very speculative.

MINING SHARES.—YERB. SAF. (r'all Mall).—(1) We should not transfer to Tanganyikas.

(Many answers held over.)

IN THE COURTS.

MAGISTRATES AND POLICE EVIDENCE.

Why does not the Chief Commissioner of Police put a curb on the enthusiasm of his policemen and detectives? He does not appear to be learning anything from criticism. Over and over again the eagerness of Scotland Yard to secure a conviction at any cost and on any evidence has been commented upon and proved in individual instances. Only a few weeks ago we had ourselves to handle a detective who, in his eagerness to get a conviction against a first offender, rushed into the box when the magistrate had decided upon a release, and deliberately spoiled his chance by giving information not in the charge at all. Now it is again our duty to draw the attention of Commissioner Henry to the conduct of Detective-Inspector Gough.

Mr. Gough chanced to be at Earl's Court Station when, to quote his own words, he "saw two men moving among the crowds waiting for trains, though they themselves made no attempt to board any train." He therefore arrested them on suspicion of attempting to pick pockets. There was no evidence to corroborate Mr. Gough's statement, so what did he do? "Nearly everything depended on the character of the accused," said Mr. Garrett (the magistrate at the West London Police-court), "and he was bound to say that certain documents giving the prisoner's convictions were thrust on his notice before the case was over. He at once pushed them from him, and he must say it was most improper that any information should be given about the previous history of an accused until the whole case was concluded." Of course it is, and Commissioner Henry and Mr. Gough know it is. It is the scandalous Mercier trick of the secret dossier over again—an effort to pervert justice with the sole object of securing a conviction. This sort of thing is cowardly and un-English, yet less high-minded or less careful magistrates than Mr. Garrett might easily lend themselves to it. Happily, Inspector Gough failed, and the next time he has a case in hand we hope he will remember to play the game as an Englishman should play it.

IN RESTRAINT OF TRADE.

The difference between the law of England and of Scotland, or perhaps we should say the judicial interpretation of the law, upon the question of the restraint of trade, as upon many other legal points, is marked. Recently there was a case heard in the Glasgow Sheriff's Court in which a boot and shoe factor sought to restrain, under an agreement, a traveller from travelling for or trading in boots. The defender had bound himself neither to canvass nor to trade for twelve months from the termination of his agreement, but the Sheriff refused to enforce it.

His Lordship remarked that the agreement founded on, which was one of restraint of trade, fell to be strictly construed. It was one of a class which would not ground an application for interdict, unless it was reasonable in its terms and definite in its prohibitive clause. His Lordship did not think it was a reasonable agreement, and its restraint upon the defender seemed more than was reasonably necessary for the protection of pursuer. Defender might only have had two weeks' employment and find himself debarred for twelve months from earning a living.

It will be noticed that one of the grounds for dismissal was that the agreement was not "reasonable." But it is quite as reasonable as some of those English agreements to which we have recently directed attention.

LEGAL ANSWERS.

We only undertake to answer short legal questions in this column. In all cases where complicated questions, involving the consideration of documents, are put to us a fee of 5s. must accompany the inquiry.

Queries are requested to write on one side only of the paper, and to write separate questions on separate slips of paper.

TRUST MONIES.—T. H. (London).—The trustee would be entitled to sell if such sale was with a view of preserving the trust property from depreciation and loss, but he ought to have obtained the sanction of the High Court if, as you say, the will expressly forbade a sale. An account can be demanded at any time, and, as there has undoubtedly been a breach of trust, proceedings should be taken at once. The trustee was not entitled to purchase the house, and can be compelled to give it up, and will probably have to lose the money he paid for it. The beneficiaries alone can act, but a friend may help, though he cannot be a party to proceedings.

DEFECTS IN PREMISES.—GORDON (Lewisham).—You have no remedy, and must pay the rent without any deduction. In future please send us the original of your letters, and keep these illegible carbon copies for your own reading. They waste so much of our time.

TITLE.—"YORKIER" (Rotherham).—The title-owner is not bound to find out all the separate owners, and may recover his title from any one owner of a plot which forms part of the land on which the title stands apportioned in the registered apportionment. You should apply to the Board of Agriculture to have the title reapportioned.

TRANSFER OF BUSINESS TO WIFE.—"JUNO" (Baling).—We hesitate to advise on such an important matter in this column, and your best course is to sell the business bona fide to someone who will agree to sell it again to your wife for cash. You should not execute a deed of gift "for love and affection," as that would be held invalid in the event of bankruptcy. You should employ a solicitor.

(Many replies stand over.)

A WORD FOR THE DEVIL.

BY JIM CROW.

I have already come to be regarded as somewhat of a Devil's advocate, or at least a champion of unpopular causes, so I shall not unduly surprise if I ask your kind indulgence on behalf of a personage who has been too often misunderstood. If the worst comes to the worst, and I am some day to be cast upon the dark Plutonian shore, at least I may hope that these presents will secure me some small measure of consideration; that I may find a place among the torturers rather than the tortured. It will certainly be an alleviation of my lot if I am permitted to add to the legitimate sufferings of my particular enemies in history.

PRAISE FROM THE POETS.

Of course, I do not lay claim to be the first of his admirers. Many poets have already testified their appreciation of his Satanic Majesty. One of Carducci's finest odes was addressed to the Devil, and aroused much enthusiasm among apostles of disorder, even outside Italy. The Dutchman, Joost van den Vondel, also sang appreciatively of Lucifer in 1654. From him Milton derived most of his inspirations for "Paradise Lost," which, while pandering to Puritan prejudices, goes far to glorify the fallen angel. If we may believe Milton, Sathanas was just another rebel, brave but unfortunate, resolute if mistaken, an orator, a statesman and a warrior.

"... To bow and sue for grace
With suppliant knee, ...
... that were few indeed,
That were an ignominy and shame beneath
This downfall ...
... to be weak is miserable
Doing or suffering ...
Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
Receive thy new Possessor: One who brings
A mind not to be changed by Place or Time.
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
Here we may reign secure, and in my choyce
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n."

In these borrowed* words, Milton reveals the Devil as the possessor of fortitude, resignation—just the very virtues which are most admired in men.

A POPULAR FAVOURITE.

Nor am I merely in the doubtful company of poets when I lay my tribute at the foot of the Devil's throne. I am interpreting the ideas of the people. He is not so black as he is painted, says an indulgent proverbial philosophy. So-and-so "is not a bad devil," we sometimes hear. A hero "fights like a devil." "The Devil is a gentleman," we are often told. Perhaps even a Right Hon. Gentleman, if we are to believe Dr. Johnson's assertion that the first Whig was the Devil. To which good Boswell replied: "He certainly was, sir. The Devil was impatient of subordination; he was the first who resisted power." And it is surely a test of popularity (at least in a politician) to be gratified with such affectionate nicknames as "Old Horny," "Old Harry," "Old Nick," "Old Gooseberry," and the "Old Gentleman." I verily believe that there are many persons who think of him half unconsciously as "dear old Harry" and "good old Nick." Indeed, there are few constituencies which he would not win, with his ingratiating ways and unsettled convictions. Perhaps he has. At any rate, I am now justified in recalling the old story of the candidate, who was told, "I would rather vote for the Devil." "In the event of my opponent not standing," was the reply, "may I hope for your support?"

HIS MAJESTY'S OPPOSITION.

If an Opposition is considered desirable in politics, why not in ethics? Sturdy theologians realise that they thrive on criticism. What would they do if there were no powers of evil, mustering their unseen array? What would be the chance of glory and promotion in piping times of peace? Even Mr. Booth, the General of the Salvation Army, acknowledges the services of the leader of the spiritual Opposition. Did he not express a hope that, on his triumphant passage through the portals of Paradise, he might have an opportunity of raising his hat to the Devil? Whether this courtesy was to be regarded as a sarcasm, like one of Sir A. Swettenham's compliments to the American Navy, or as graceful chivalry toward a vanquished foe, has not been

* "En 't lever d'eerste Vorst in eenigh lager hof
Dan in't gezalicht licht detweede, of noch een minder."
—J. v. d. Vondel (quoted by Mark Pattison).

made quite clear. Let us assume it proves a tender heart, like that of the little girl, who asked permission to include a petition for the "poor old Devil" in her prayers.

SATANIC CHARMS.

Pity is probably an exceptional sentiment in our dealings with the Devil. But he is usually respected as well as feared. In his rôle of Mephistopheles he is polished, courteous, amusing, altogether attractive. No one has ever denied his cleverness. He is reputed to be very good at chess. In diplomacy he is unrivalled. If he only played bridge, he would probably be asked to all the best houses. For centuries no other person has so deeply impressed the popular imagination. Look at the great share he has secured in the geography of the world. You may scarcely travel anywhere without finding a Devil's bridge, a Devil's dyke, Devil's jumps, or some other relic of His Satanic Majesty. Save only in the delectable Duchy of Cornwall, for it is said that he never ventured to cross the Tamar, lest the Cornish people should make him into a pasty.

IN CONCLUSION.

All I ask is that we should give the Devil his due.

CLERKS' SALARIES.

BY A PELMAN PUPIL, M.A. Oxon., Barrister-at-Law.

Of recent years a great cry has arisen throughout the Kingdom on the subject of salaries. From all sides is heard the complaint that while employers are requiring more brain work from those employed under them, they are at the same time gradually reducing the rate of remuneration. Among clerks, especially, the salary question is assuming a really serious aspect. It is said on good authority that the average salary of a clerk is about seventy pounds a year, while at the age of forty the unfortunate man so employed must consider his prospects as passed and himself as shelved. Yet new recruits pour into the realm of clerkdom in their thousands and tens of thousands each year. The outlook is certainly gloomy. But if close investigation is made into the reasons for the low scale of salaries and the early superannuation, it is seen that the secret lies, not in the excessive quantity of the supply, but in the defective quality. Ask any large employer of clerks, and he would tell you at once that he would gladly pay two hundred pounds or three hundred pounds a year for a clerk with personal initiative, the power of thinking for himself, reliability, and a good memory. It is a sad but undeniable fact that not one clerk in a hundred is competent to conduct a business interview, to reply without assistance to a business letter, or to remember without reference to books details of prices, purchases, sales, dates, and general business transactions. Our modern education teaches our clerks to write legibly and to add, subtract, multiply or divide quickly and accurately, but it does not instruct them in the most important requirements of all, the art of thinking and the art of remembering. Indeed, so seldom is attention paid to these two great factors that the vast majority of people imagine that thinking and remembering are incapable of being imparted to those who do not possess them from birth. Yet no fallacy could be greater. Given the good-will of the pupil and a moderate amount of perseverance—say, half-an-hour a day for a couple of months—any human being with an ordinary brain can be taught to think efficiently and to remember perfectly. Thought and memory are so intimately connected that to develop memory is of necessity to train thought at the same time. It is a pity that the study of the laws of memory should for so long have been associated in men's minds with the idea of quackery. In this direction, however, things are rapidly changing, and methods such as the Pelman System of Memory Training, scientifically approved and certified by professional men of high standing, are coming daily to the fore. Memory is just as much subject to laws and rules as is arithmetic, and its laws are even more easily applied; but, of course, tuition, either personally or by correspondence, from a competent instructor, is essential. From this, then, it seems evident that, at any rate so far as clerks are concerned, the remedy for small salaries and early superannuation lies in the sufferers' own hands. "There is always room at the top," and the clerk who does not render himself efficient and worth at the least one hundred and fifty pounds a year for the time of his natural life has only himself to blame. It was when writing of the Pelman System that Mr. W. T. Stead said: "I consider Mr. Pelman one of the benefactors of the human race." Full particulars of the Pelman System post free from the author, C. L. Pelman, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.—ADVT.

HOW TO PLAY ROULETTE.

BY THE LORD DUNDREARY.

Sir Hiram Maxim and a number of wisecracks have declared that all gambling systems are impossible. I believe, however, that if the laws of chance and average are taken into account many systems would be perfectly possible. Very few people, however, possess the pluck and capital to see a system through. I myself have tried many systems at Monte Carlo, and my failure has been due to the fact that I knew too much. As soon as the system I was engaged upon went wrong, I had realised that another system that I liked almost as much was doing very well indeed. Then I would transfer my allegiance to the prosperous system. It would at once go to the dogs, while the system I had abandoned instantly showed signs of success. To carry through a system satisfactorily, it would be necessary to have a large capital and a number of colleagues, sufficiently determined to insist upon each other adhering to their original intentions.

The safest system of all is one which requires infinite patience, but may be relied upon to bring in during a day as much as a triumphant company brings in during a year. Those who have studied the numbers, or had a long experience of roulette, must have noticed that the even chances are continually levelling up. Take black and red. In the course of an hour black may come out seventeen or twenty times more often than red. But it is very unlikely that in the course of the next hour red will not retrieve its position. If, then, a man had patience to sit down and wait until either red or black was twenty, or, better still, fifty points in arrear, and if he then began to stake a sovereign every time on the laggard until he was five or ten pounds to the good, he might make a regular income, and would run a very small risk of hurting himself. Sir Hiram Maxim disputes the possibility of this method on the ground that by mathematics, whatever may have happened previously, it is an even chance whether red or black will turn up. I believe that the longest run on any colour hitherto has been twenty-seven. Let us admit that this is exceeded, and that forty reds have turned up in succession. Sir Hiram Maxim contends that it is now an even chance in favour of red coming up once more. But facts are even more powerful than mathematics, and if I were sitting at a table and saw a series of reds come up I should have small hesitation in backing black to win a majority of the next ten spins.

ORDINARY SYSTEMS.

There are also many systems which enable a punter to make a great deal of money under ordinary circumstances. The Labouchere system is a favourite. Write down the numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 on a piece of paper, and add together the figures at each end. One and four are five, so you put five pieces on an even chance. If you win, strike out the one and the four. Two and three now remain. Add them together and stake five pieces on an even chance. If you win, you have won ten pieces; you have struck out your four numerals, and you may begin again if you please. In the event of a losing spin, you strike out nothing, but add the total of your loss to the end of the row. Let us begin again with 1, 2, 3, 4; 1 and 4 are 5. Stake 5 and lose. Add 5 to the row. 5 and 1 are 6. Stake 6 and win. Strike out 5 and 1; 2 and 4 are 6. Stake 6 and lose. Add 6 to the row. 6 and 2 are 8. Stake 8 and win. Strike out 6 and 2; 3 and 4 are 7. Stake 7 and lose. Add 7 to the row. 7 and 3 are 10. Stake 10 and lose. 10 and 3 are 13. Stake 13 and lose. Add 13 to the row. 13 and 3 are 16. Stake 16 and lose. Add 16 to the row. 3 and 16 are 19. Stake 19. And so on. The worst of this system is that at a bad moment you may go out very far to sea. However, with plenty of capital and ordinary luck you ought almost always to come out a winner. The advantage in your favour is that the bank may win many times more often than you, and yet you will be to the good.

Another plausible system is the d'Alembert. You begin with a certain number of points, say five. Whenever you win, you stake one point less than last time. Whenever you lose you increase your stake by one. As soon as you have come down to nothing you begin again. This also has the disadvantage that you may easily run into big figures, but it is not so dangerous as the Labouchere.

Another favourite game, which is rather a method of playing than a system, is known as the Tiers et Tout (one-third and the whole). Here you are playing against a run of more than two. Suppose you begin with a capital of nine pieces. Red has come up. Stake one-third (three pieces) on black. If red comes up again, you stake the remainder, six pieces, on black. Then if you win you are three pieces to the good, and your capital amounts to twelve.

One-third of this is four. Stake that on black, and follow it up with the remainder (eight) if you lose. If you win this time your capital amounts to sixteen, which may be divided into five and ten. At the next winning stage your capital is 21 (7 and 14). Then 27 (9 and 18), 37, and so on. It is extraordinary how quickly a few pieces will mount up into a large sum at this game. But if you lose twice in succession you are done for, and must begin again patiently. The best is to deduct a little from your capital as you go along, so that when your little bank is broken you are still something to the good. I have myself run up seven five franc pieces to a maximum by this method, but I do not recommend it except when luck is distinctly in the ascendant.

A correspondent, "S.," has sent us a long letter, alleging unfairness in the play at Monte Carlo. We have shown it to the Lord Dundreary, who is not convinced by the arguments. "S" devised a system of backing a colour and two columns, thereby covering 32 out of the 36 numbers on the table. He tested it, on paper, over 20,000 spins, and found that he never lost more than 50 units in 100 spins. He went to Monte Carlo and began to play in units of £4. At once there was a great run against him, and in less than 60 spins he had lost 100 units (£400). He thought this very strange, stopped playing, and carefully revised his old figures. Again he found there was never a loss of more than 50 units in a hundred spins. So he tried again in units of £4. Again, to his "utter amazement," the bad numbers kept cropping up, and in about 60 spins he lost another 100 units (£400). This convinced him that, somehow or other, the croupiers must control the wheel so as to bring up whatever numbers they choose. What made him doubly sure was the fact that, at the time, his were the only big stakes.

A GAME OF MIRACLES.

Professor Pearson, writing in the *Fortnightly Review* (Feb., 1894), said: "Monte Carlo roulette, if judged by returns which are published apparently with the sanction of the Société, is, if the laws of chance rule, the most prodigious miracle of the 19th century." Commenting on this, Mr. Victor Bethell, in his excellent little book, "Monte Carlo: Anecdotes and Systems of Play," says: "Professor Pearson is right. At Monte Carlo the unexpected is always happening, and you will see things occurring almost every day against which the odds should be over a million to one. Be, therefore, prepared for the worst, and remember that the law of chance is a very elastic one."

The Lord Dundreary has himself seen so many incredible things happen at roulette that the mere fact of an unusually bad run occurring just when it is least desired is no proof of cheating. His lordship could tell us plenty of tales about extraordinary runs which have been in his favour. Once, at Spa, he was playing beside a friend at one table. Having lost all except 20 francs, he moved off to another table. Presently the friend rose and saw a little crowd gathered round the table, watching the play with excitement. Strolling across, what was his amazement to find Lord D. with a huge pile of gold, counters, and notes beside him, and raking in the stuff hand over fist. Numbers 6, 12 and 24 had come up 12 times out of 14 spins, and the total win, with Lord D.'s last coins, was nearly £1,000. Another time (at Monte Carlo) he played up a few five franc pieces on the middle dozen until he was very nearly staking maximums. One more middle dozen, and he intended to stop, a heavy winner. Just as the ball was about to stop spinning, he bethought him of zero, and threw down a few coins to cover the risk. Unfortunately, one coin fell into the cylinder, and the spin was thereby annulled. This was annoying, as the ball had again fallen into a middle dozen number. And next spin the run was over. Nearly all the winnings were swept away.

A well-known character, now deceased, once told us of a remarkable incident at a gambling hell near Lisbon. J. B. (we will call him) was absolutely broke. He owed the hotel several hundreds of pounds, and had neither ready money nor the means of obtaining it. As he was going out, it occurred to him to ask the hotel porter to lend him £10. The man, who looked upon J. B. as a rich financier, readily pulled out the money. A quarter of an hour before the close of play, J. B. had lost all except £1. He threw this upon a number at random. It came up. Other lucky shots followed, and J. B. increased his stakes every time. It seemed as though he could never do wrong. When he counted out his winnings in the train, he found that he had over £3,000. Next day he left Lisbon, and as he surveyed the beaming landlord, the obsequious servants, all the fawning menials, he smiled to himself and reflected how very different would have been the circumstances of his departure but for the extraordinary freak of fortune which had filled his pockets with gold.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

(Being the letters of Miss Peggy Warrender, of Richmond, Va., to her favourite aunt.)

Le Quartier Latin! No European can possibly know the glamour surrounding that phrase in the mind of the thinking American. It is like the spell of the Orient for the Englishman, or tales of the strange mysteries of the North to the novice in Arctic exploration—a place which stands for the unusual, the interesting, the *bizarre*. An indefinable aroma, a flavour of hashish, and the juice of the poppy, must ever cling to this wee bit of the world in the minds of those who dwell "far off." A country without king or president, with a whole growth of rites and ceremonies, set down in the heart of the gayest city in the world! Here is the place where is really worshipped "Liberté, Égalité, et Fraternité," without need of the words being carved in stone. Let anyone who doubts partake of his tea or dinner some pleasant evening in a café on or adjoining the Rue de la Borbonne. The humanity that he there sees will be intelligent, *alive*, and never monotonous. There the world (that tiny world!) amuses itself according to its own ideas, and it is interesting to note, however, that even in the land of unconvention, convention is observed. For there, if you are in conventional garb, you are conspicuous. You must obey there the law of *nonconformity*. But there the world is gay or sorrowful, superficial or profound, quite simply and without ado.

Many memories are associated with this part of Paris quite outside of its local colour. Here is the Pantheon, with its monuments to the mighty dead, the Musée de Cluny, half palace, half museum, and the Luxembourg. Here also, within a stone's throw, is the Pont Neuf, with its sixteenth century associations, the Palais de Justice, and, dearest of all to the lover of Paris, Notre-Dame. So, in and around the Latin quarter lie many memories of the past. But the present is fully occupied with its colleges, its art galleries, and its studios. Everywhere there are studios. And from them saunter forth, more or less queerly attired, not only Frenchmen, but Americans, Englishmen, Russians, Germans, representatives of most of the civilised countries in the world, who seek their Mecca in this Bohemia. Here there are no times and seasons. While the fashionable world is driving in the Bois, or "teaing" at the Ritz, or dining at the Café de Paris at the customary hours, here they paint or write, or dance or study, or eat, drink, and are merry at whatever hour suits them best. This is the Latin quarter!

One of the inexplicable things which we observe in visiting foreign countries is the different ideals of what constitutes manly beauty in the way of facial adornment. In America we prefer smooth faces. In England a moustache is more ordinary. On the Continent more or less of a beard seems to be considered a sign of virility. But here, in the Quartier Latin, a perfect deluge of hair is the ambition of those who would be paragons of their sex. A lion mane and the beard of Jove! Such is the ideal. Needless to say, it is realised with varying degrees of success.

The Institutes and Academies that abound in this section of Paris constitute one of the glories of the nation, and demonstrate the splendid intellectuality of the French people. The lectures of the Borbonne and the College of France are open to every one, native or foreign, of either sex, with no charge of admission.

Here also are found in abundance those artistic little concerts which cost almost nothing at all. At the Concert Rouge, for instance, you can hear a very fair orchestra play the works of the great masters for as little as 50 centimes. For here is a world where money does not seem to be the be-all and end-all of life. And when you leave it all and cross to the other side of the Seine, it is quite as though you had entered another country, whose whole system of laws is diametrically opposed to the Bohemia of the Latin quarter, which has so interested

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Edited by JIM CROW, Esq.

PEOPLE WHO RUIN THEIR HAIR.

Do you know that there are thousands of men and women in this country who are busily engaged in destroying hair—their own hair?

They may not mean to, but they are deliberately doing it every day of their lives. Every day they are making themselves a little balder, every day they are adding a slight tinge of grey to their heads, every day they are actually doing things to their hair that make their scalps scurfy and irritable.

Let any reader who doubts this go to church or to a theatre, or to any place where a large number of men and women are assembled, and see how many people possess really good heads of hair. The number will be very few.

You can observe this more especially in the case of the men. Some, by no means elderly people, will have hair plentifully besprinkled with grey. Little round patches from which the hair has totally vanished will appear on other heads. Some men will be entirely bald, others will be continually rubbing their hair as if it irritated them—it does, as a matter of fact.

Now what is the meaning of this? It means that people are either neglecting their hair or are not treating it properly, not knowing what a complicated little organism a human hair is.

Thinking that some readers of JOHN BULL may be in the same predicament, we have gathered together a few facts on the subject, which we think will be found interesting.

Everybody has, or ought to have, between 200,000 or 300,000 hairs on their heads. A regular army! Have you ever thought what one of these little hairs is like, or what are the purposes for which it was created?

A hair is something like a little tree, inasmuch as its shaft is composed of three different sections, the pith, the middle part (these two contain the cells of pigment that give the hair its colour), and the outer skin or bark.

Moreover, a hair grows from a little root, commonly called the papilla, which is situated at the base of a socket or follicle in the scalp, about one-tenth of an inch deep, and in which the hair grows.

Every hair also is provided with a little bag of oil—sometimes two bags—of its own. This oil flows along on the outside of the hair shaft, and acts as a lubricant, keeping it from getting harsh, dry, and brittle, and liable to split.

It is in connection with the proper filling and emptying of this little oil-bag that many of the disorders that attack the hair occur, and it is when the oiling apparatus gets out of order that scurf appears on the scalp.

We have no space here to describe in full the life history of the hair, and to give the details of its continual struggle against the attacks of its enemies. Sometimes the inroads of bacilli cause the oil to flow too freely, bringing on scurf, and rotting the hair; sometimes the oil flows too sluggishly, and the hair becomes too dry and splits; sometimes the hair follicle is blocked up, checking the flow of lubricant to the hair; sometimes the root is injured and baldness ensues; sometimes an opaque film forms around the hair-shaft, altering its colour and appearance.

And then sometimes people deluge their hair or their insides with some so-called universal panacea, which may possibly be a remedy for one disorder of the hair, but not for another.

It is these people who, not knowing what a delicate and complicated part of the anatomy a hair is, and not knowing how many and how different are the disorders that attack it, kill and injure their hair by recklessly applying to it some much-advertised specific that is possibly quite unsuitable for their particular case.

We have obtained these facts, in addition to many others, from an interesting and invaluable book on the hair, by that well-known consultant on hair-disorders, Mr. Warner Oliver. This work, fully illustrated with drawings and diagrams, and brightly written, contains full details on the subject, and may be obtained by readers of JOHN BULL, free of all charge, on application to Mr. Warner Oliver, Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London, W. As this book does not advertise any specific hair restorative, but is purely and simply a treatise on a part of the human body that should be more widely studied than it is, we strongly advise our readers to take advantage of this offer by applying to him for a free copy.—ADVT.

JOHN BULL'S POST-CARDS.

[JOHN BULL drops a few post-cards to some of his friends and acquaintances.]

To Brother, Uncle, or Cousin Jonathan (whichever the relation may be), U.S.A.

Mornin', Jonathan,—Put it thar! Y' kin bet a little thing like that thar Jamayker 'arthquake ain't goin' t' distarb the friendly feelin' between us—no, by Dan Webster, and Abe Lincoln, an' Washin'ton, junr., not if I know it. Y' may be havin' another 'arthquake yourself when we've a warship about, an' y' haven't, an' then just y' rely on me t' have the British Admiral, an' the Union Jack, an' the salute, an' the handymen, an' the provisions, an' the nusses t' show y' my opinion of Admiral Davis. When I go round doin' kindness—waal, y' kin figger I bust with it. There ain't no stint.

Y' see Sir Alexander Swettenham—the same gent thet one of your wild, woolly, an' woopin' one-cent papers says is very much of a martinet an' a good deal (meant t' say bad deal, of course) of an ass—has had a heap of trouble, an' thet don't improve the liver. But y' can take it from me that he's a good sort. He ain't got enough vice in him t' sell an American a hoss on Sundays; an' if he has acted for the moment like a glorified beadle, waal, he don't mean nothing. I've alus found him a capable man at his rather lonesome job.

Es fer your Admiral Davis, I don't doubt he's as good as they make 'em—thought he owned Jamaica, mebbe, in a fit o' pure forgetfulness—but a gen-u-ine bit of real man, an' I'm mighty glad he was born. Thar now, that's handsome, an' y' kin put it thar agin. There ain't nothin' thet I knows on at present thet should ever raise trouble between us. We're friends, we are; we're friends from the tip of your ridiclous whiskers t' the toe of my unnecessary riding boots an' the tail of my ugly but good-tempered dog, an' nothin' shall part us 'cept the Atlantic. We're the greatest country on 'arth, an' you chew the most gum, so thet makes us about ekal. Why don't y' send your mighty President to England? I'd give him a great time, make no error. Just you think about it, an' write to your fat old friend,

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Minister for Education.

My dear McKenna,—I have known you a long time. I was one of the local "Executive" which first introduced you into the political arena. You are just a little "superior" in manner, but we all like you. You have become more genial with advancement. Moreover, you are a bit of a sportsman, and few will find fault with your promotion. It is always a besetting sin of successful Ministries to prefer the elderly and the obese. For generations one old gang has succeeded another old gang, like Amurath and Amurath. You are not far on the wrong side of forty, and your temperament is younger still. We hope you may be regarded as a precedent for more important changes in the same direction. All good wishes! And the best of these is, that you may not be kept very busy in your department this session. We are all tired of Education Bills and want to give them a rest in favour of more urgent legislation.

JOHN BULL.

To the Earl of Selborne, P.C., High Commissioner, South Africa.

My dear Sell,—I hear a rumour that you have resolved to quit South Africa as soon as the new Transvaal Assembly has settled down to work. I applaud the resolution. You have done your best according to your honest lights, and what can any of us do more? To anybody who likes your style, yours is the style he will like. The misfortune is that your style is not *comme il faut* in South Africa, though Mr. Higgenheimer and Mr. Hoggenstein may like it well enough. You have the misfortune to be a Tory in service under a more or

less Liberal Government, and you cannot be expected to be much in sympathy with the New Idea. I am sure your intentions have always been excellent, and your motives impeccable; the difference between us relates only to acts. Heaven only knows why the Government left you as a square peg in a round hole. As the Latinist has it, "Ex nihilo nihil fit," which, interpreted in the English, means "Always make your pegs to fit." The Government in this instance did not, and therefore the burden of a half share of your imperfections must be borne by them. The other half you have philosophically supported on a handsome salary. Au 'voir.

JOHN BULL.

To the Committee of the Llangollen Royal National Eisteddfod, Llangollen.

Mine Herrs,—You go and choose Dr. Richard Strauss to adjudicate der prizes, what for, eh? Der Doctor, he a goot musician vhas. From der Vaterlandt he come. But udder musicians goot there was dot from the Vaterland not come. Some of dem Welsh vhas, und some of dem Englisch, und one or two of them Scotch. Perhaps you tink nopody able vhas to play der music till a Deutcher he vhas, like der German band—bah. Your headt under der pump go and put, till you of yourself der coldt catch. I mine handts of you wash. I nodings to do mit you more have. *Ich wunsche Ihnen einen guten Morgen.*

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Frank Gerald, Secretary Federation of Variety Artistes, London.

Sir,—Glad to see that you are busy. You are hitting me in a tender spot when you picket my amusements, persuade away all the stars, starlets, rushlights, and candles from the stage-door, bid the players on the drum, bassoon, cornet, fiddle, piccolo, and big bass cease their nice noise, and ring down the curtain on the songs which reach my heart, the jokes which addle my pate, and the leg and lingerie which excite my opera-glasses. But no doubt the artistes, especially the artistes I never throw bricks at because they do their best, have a grievance. With the agents on the one hand and the managers on the other they are between the hammer and the anvil, the devil and the deep sea. When the four pound a weeker has had ten per cent. docked off his salary at one end by an Agent, and five per cent. docked off it at the other by the Manager, is kept idle week after week under his contract barring clause, and has paid his railway fares and 'bus fares here and there, he has not a great deal left for luxurious living. Add to all this that as a general rule he has to work two shows a night at a one-show price, and that he is expected to throw in matinées for love, and it becomes obvious that to strike while the iron is hot is a good thing if successful. I'm on the side of the living wage anyhow.

JOHN BULL.

To the Editor of the "Daily Express."

My dear Pearson,—I understand that you are also the Editor of an unread journal called the *Standard*. Why, then, do you confine your yellowest sensations to your cheapest sheet? Why do you not give the *Standard* the doubtful benefit of some of your doubts? For instance, why fill the leading columns of your *Express* with obvious fairy-tales about the Servian crown? I know that anything to do with a crown or even a coronet appeals with great emphasis to your readers. I also know that Peter Karageorgevitch has got to go very soon. But how could you have been taken in by all the wild rumours which regicide press bureaux chose to spread about? And how could you gloat over your idea that your revelations of imaginary devices would enable Peter the Regicide to retain his tottering throne? Surely you do not approve of the Jack-the-Ripper methods of his accomplices. By the way, how is your parrot? Not suffering from the pip, I hope?

JOHN BULL.

THE "NEW" THEOLOGY.



THE REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.—THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

A NEUROTIC NOVEL.

BY HERBERT VIVIÁN.

"To a Nun Confess'd." By Irene Osgood. London: Sisley's.

I am not very fond of d'Annunzio and Fogazzaro, an aroma of whom clings to this volume. Moreover, mine is one of those simple souls, which shrivels in a morbid atmosphere and aches when a story finishes in a fanfare to the honour and glory of suicidal mania. Therefore, if this book were not exceptionally brilliant, I should dislike the author almost as much as I dislike her puppets.

We have here a series of letters addressed by a neurotic young lady to her school-friend, a French nun. Why a nun should have been introduced at all is not very clear. Presumably, the intention was to establish a contrast between the "little mother" with "the twilight-hued eyes" and the selfish, frivolous, flirting, restless, madly reckless heroine. At any rate, the nun affords a pretext for pretty, little insincere reflections about vows and "the play-grounds of heaven" and "the sheltering love of Our Lady."

The charm of the letters is that they are absolutely natural. The heroine reveals every nook and cranny of her character with engaging frankness and, though we must not be included among her many adorers, we cannot refuse our interest at any stage. We wag our heads and pish and protest, but we are always absorbed, often amused. Yolande has a way with her. Perhaps, after all, we should have succumbed.

Let me try to condense the story. Yolande, a pretty grass-widow, who combines "that Madonna air" with a "slight gleam of cruelty" in her eyes, becomes suddenly infatuated with Mr. Savage, a poet and dramatist, who wears "sickly, yellowish-green" buttonholes, and writes "how the nightingale sang with the thorn of a white rose piercing her heart" (by the way, do hens sing?) or about "a lovely boy" who "went mad before his own portrait." The infatuation for Savage is not explained, so we are left to fall back upon the laws of contrast.

The pair correspond about literature and ethics. Now Yolande writes to the nun: "I can fancy you making the sign of the Cross very often, and praying for the peace of my soul, you dear little grey mouse, with your timid way and your liquid, heavenly eyes."

Savage writes about twin-souls, and Yolande goes to tea in his rooms. He kisses her hands softly, drawing her fingers through his own caressingly. Then she goes to the country, and writes to the nun: "Tell me why is it that I have been so unhappy lately, restless, feverish? . . . My husband? Well, you know all about my husband, and how useless it is for me to look to him for any sympathy."

The new friends meet in the New Forest and go out hunting together. He picks violets for her, and says they are like her eyes. "A plain gold ring gleaming on my finger seemed to burn me to the bone."

Keeping up the remorse, she starts suddenly for New York, only to find that he is on board her ship. When they land, she telegraphs to her husband, saying Savage is with her, and proposing they should all meet "out West." The husband obligingly replies: "Yes, bully, bring Savage along. The more the merrier."

The love-making becomes fast and furious, but nothing occurs to disturb the harmony of the trio in the Rocky Mountains. They return to England quite happily together. Savage starts suddenly for Paris. She follows quite naturally, and goes through various emotions: "I have even grown tired of Mr. Savage. His intensity bores me, and particularly his enthusiasms. . . . He kissed my hands and arms and hair very sweetly. 'No! no!' I whispered furiously. 'You do not know what life and love are, you fool!' and I struck him fiercely full in the face. . . . I feel unclean. . . . He is dearer to me than anything on earth, and I lied to you when I wrote you that I did not care for him, that I was tired of him and of everything. . . . I must return to England, to my husband."

Savage goes to India, and becomes co-respondent in Lord B——'s divorce case. On his return he telegraphs to Yolande to join him in Paris. They "played about together there for a week, but somehow the bloom was off the grape." She writes to the nun: "It is my duty to try and induce Mr. Savage to marry poor Lady B——. Don't you think so, dear?"

Later on she visits Venice, and "the first person who passes in a gondola is Mr. Savage." She quickly agrees to travel with him in the Pyrenees. As a palliative to any remnant of conscience, she observes: "The hubby did not come to see me off at the station when I left England. He seems wholly wrapped up in himself, and is seldom at home."

While enjoying this romantic expedition, she receives news that "the hubby" has been killed out hunting. He was always an obliging man.

After the funeral, she goes out to Cannes, and, of course, meets Savage. Her friends write to her that he is "a poisonous reptile," but still she perseveres. Then we read: "Mary, my heart's comfort. He is married. He married Lady B——, after I left him in the Pyrenees. I found it out quite by accident. . . . Whenever he speaks of her, he looks sickeningly bored." Much coquetting, soul-searching, understanding and misunderstanding ensue. Finally they start out together in a motor-car. "When we come to that dangerous corner where the turn is so sudden, and the precipice falls sheer down to the jagged rocks some hundreds of feet below, I shall kiss him. Kiss him for the first time, full on his sensuous mouth. Then with a quick movement, before our hearts and minds fail us in our determination, he will guide the automobile over the precipice."

There you have the story. But you must read it all, for it is adorned with many gems of thought, a filagree of philosophy, rich rude traceries of human nature. The very absence of finish often enhances the glamour and mystery and magic of the trinket. As for me, I confess I do not like it.

JOHN BULL'S WOMENFOLK.

BY MRS. BULL.

(Mrs. Bull will be delighted to receive suggestions and contributions from our readers.)

THE NEUROTIC MAN.

A new type has surely arisen in our midst—a most unwelcome one—the neurotic man. Emerson on his visit to us in 1847 described us in these words: "Half their strength they put not forth. They have that phlegm, or staidness, which is a compliment to disturb. A sea shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men."

The "nervy" man is apparently a product of this generation. Our innate ideal was of a man strong and virile, who bore the brunt of things, and only demanded the gentler graces from his weaker half.

Thank heaven! there are many such still among us. But who, on looking round among her own immediate acquaintances, does not recognise the *neurotic man*?

There is Charlie, who suffers from depression, and must eternally be met with a bright smile; Harry, who cannot eat twice-cooked meat, so the women of his household must "finish things up" in his absence; John (no, we must not vilify John!)—let us say Herbert—who cannot bear any sudden shock, so all unpleasant news must first be wired to Anne, and broken gently to him; Algernon, who has his attacks of nerves, and must be allowed to throw things about occasionally; and Lancelot, who is so sensitive that he must not be spoken to before lunch.

And their womankind, what effect is it having on them?

Why, they are no longer the frail flowers of our mothers' day, the ivy round the oak. They are strenuous, self-confident, practical people, who want the vote!

Woman, eternally adaptable, is suiting herself to her environment; seizing the reins, because she feels someone must drive.

I may be putting the cart before the horse, but without doubt the strenuous woman is the complement of the neurotic man.

Women long to be clinging, reliant, "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." But she cannot be so with our neurotic man. He is a broken reed. His health alone needs constant care. Not that there is anything the matter with him, but he must be protected from every breeze that blows. He is reared in a hothouse atmosphere. His neurosis must be nurtured on all the latest patent and predigested foods.

We were discussing the problem at my club (another outcome of our artificial growth!).

"My dear," said Aunt Sarah, who is single and theoretical, "man is the superior animal, therefore more highly strung."

Amy, who has been married three times, and is practical, murmurs, "selfishness."

"It is our fault entirely," she says. "Most women pamper their sons, brothers, and husbands till they cultivate egoism. They strain to sympathise, inspire, soften the edges of life, and bear the burdens at the same time, not realising that their weakness is their strength, that the very origin of chivalry is their helplessness. There is but one solution," continues Amy; "we must faint again on the least provocation; we must revive the vapours, and learn

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While craving the indulgence of recent subscribers for the inconvenience they have suffered, the publishers beg to assure all intending subscribers that they have now made such arrangements with their book-binders as will effectually ensure the immediate delivery of all further orders for this work with the least possible delay.

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It is equally necessary as to the young man. In business a great deal of talent is often wasted for want of a very little confidence. With this work beside him the most diffident man may acquire confidence in his own capability, and proceeding to put his ideas into practice, may make of his business life a sure success. When it is pointed out that there are over 10,000 references on the Index, it will be seen that no matter affecting business has been overlooked, and that every subject can be turned up with the greatest facility.

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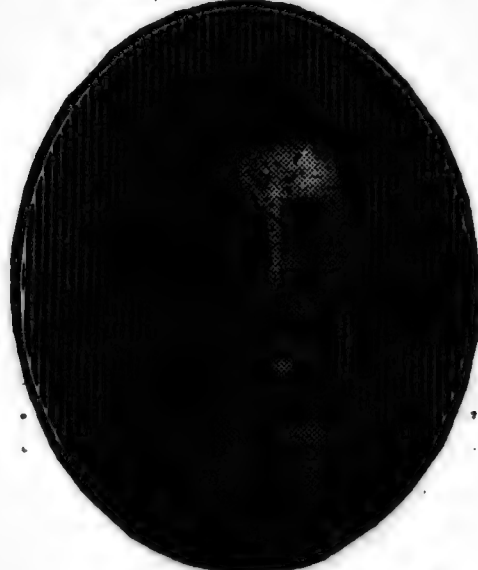
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The Mains, Morebath, nr. Kelso.
Dear Sir,—I now take the pleasure in writing you with regard to your pomade. I may say my hair was fast falling out, leaving a great many bald patches. The first or second application stopped the falling, and after a few weeks' use the growth was entirely renewed, for which I feel very grateful. I have strongly recommended the preparation to many friends. You may use my name as a testimonial if you wish.—Yours sincerely,
GEO. TAYLOR.



Long Stratton, Norfolk.
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(Miss) B. ALEXANDER.



Nursted Rocks, Petersfield.
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to scream at a mouse! I have had three husbands, and I have never looked out a train, or called a cab, and I am quite incapable of wording a telegram. I never go about unescorted, and refuse to travel by bus. Of course, these rules may be slightly modified according to your husband's means; but, oh! be helpless, be feeble, selfish, good-humoured, and well-dressed, and the world is yours!"

I really think Amy is nearer the mark than Aunt Sarah, and, if the present generation is past praying for, we might try to educate in our sons the instinct of protection.

FEBRUARY FASHIONS.

February is a trying month for the average woman. There is (sometimes) a feeling of spring in the air which suggests visits to tailors and dressmakers; yet the fashions are hardly settled, the early indications usually being of very pronounced changes, which often sink into the background as spring advances. So the strong-minded female—and are we not, now, the stronger sex?—is content with new gloves and new headgear, and the addition of a piece of nice lace to her fur muff and stole, and awaits events.

A NOTE FROM PARIS.

There are indications that the short sleeve will be as popular as ever this spring (writes a correspondent from Paris). It will be just longer than elbow length, but that will not mean shorter gloves—or cheaper ones—for smart women are wearing enormously long gloves deeply wrinkled up the arm. Moreover, although the white glove is somewhat discredited, Fashion decrees that the *gants* shall match the prevailing tone in the costume, and gloves in pastel shades or the new purples and blues are dreadfully expensive. The newest trimming for hats is odd rather than pretty, being the ordinary "common male" fern, arranged round the brim as ostrich feathers are. They are on nearly all the early spring straw hats, which are mostly of the inverted bell shape.

THAT NASTY COUGH.

This is a treacherous time for young children, and the wise mother takes to heart the motto, "Prevention is better than cure," and watches carefully for the first symptom of a cold. Plenty of heat-producing food, warm wraps, and fresh

air, with avoidance of sudden changes of temperature, are the principal items. On the first appearance of a cold a hot bath (104°F.) and to bed between blankets, with a basin of gruel with a few drops of sweet spirits of nitre will often work wonders. The use of some inhalant, such as cyllin in hot water, or, better still, in a nebuliser, is also a pretty sure check. Croupy children should be dosed with half a tea-spoonful of syrup of squills, ten drops of ipecacuanha wine, and twenty drops of warm water if there is the least suspicion of wheeziness during the night. These precautions save a long doctor's bill.

FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

Young wives are often very much puzzled by the difficulty of feeding two or three people cheaply and yet providing a sufficient variety. As a rule, one joint is all that can be managed in a week, and then one has to be firm with the butcher, and return the meat if it is more than four pounds in weight. A leg of beef or a fillet of beef, half a leg of pork or mutton, with a small shoulder for a change; and an occasional piece of veal are practically all the joints small enough—loins are always dear. The joint is served hot one day, cold the next, and re-cooked in some form or other the third. Four dinners remain to be invented. Here are some suggestions. Stewed steak, grilled steak, sheep's heart stuffed, steak rolled and stuffed, pig's fry, rabbit (stewed or made into a pie), meat pudding, meat pie, "toad in the hole," "shepherd's pie." Every young housekeeper is advised to begin the dinner with soup or fish, or some savoury, such as macaroni, cheese, or sardines on toast, however simply she may wish to live, remembering that a two-course dinner is much more apt to grow monotonous than one of three courses.

HAIR ORNAMENTS.

The fashionably-dressed head is very much ornamented with combs and bows, flowers, or little scarves of lace or chiffon. The Romney scarf is one of the most charming of modes, the hair beyond it being pulled up rather high in the becoming fashion affected by the sitters of the famous Old Master. Half-wreaths of foliage and lovers' knots of spangled tulle are other ornaments worn by beauty's daughters with evening dress.

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Constipation.
Indigestion.
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*Is your Figure or Health imperfect in any way not mentioned?

*Occupation.

*What is your Age?

Sex.

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What a Young Wife Ought to Know.

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Vir Publishing Co.,

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BULL'S EYES.

CONSEQUENCES.—An Admiral.....met.....A Governor
.....at an earthquake.....The A. said "Can I help you?"
.....The G. said, "Clear out!".....The consequence was
.....that Cousin Jonathan felt hurt.....And the world said,
"Why Jamaica man like that, Governor, eh, John Bull?"

A Manager.....met.....an artiste.....at a matinee.....
The M. said, "A bargain is a bargain.".....The A. said, "Yes,
for you.".....The consequence was.....the worm gave a
striking "extra turn.".....And the world said, "I suppose we
shall strike next."

An Expert.....met.....a lady.....at a cat convention
.....He hummed, "With its tail cut short".....She gave him
a Caudal lecture.....The consequence was.....a catastrophe
.....And the world said, "People should have more considera-
tion for a lady's felines."

SOME UNFOUNDED RUMOURS:—

That a strike of audiences against the matinee hat is threatened.

That the Kaiser intends to pay us a "flying" visit soon.

That Mr. Stead is to be raised to the peerage, as "Lord Babble-on."

That the fasting man at Olympia is a veritable Sacco bones.

That if the music-hall strike extends to the Empire and Alhambra, it will be a ballet trouble.

That whatever the fruits of the new Session are, the Opposition will get the pip.

That the Mayor of Woolwich, who recently shook hands with 400 guests, is suffering from "la grippe."

That the threatened influx of motor-cabs has made the insurance companies busy.

That Mr. McKenna, who succeeds Mr. Birrell, won't McKenna changes.

That the Income Tax Commissioners are not pleased over the music-hall war.

CHURCH ITEMS:—

The *Christian World* states that:—

"The Rev. J. H. Jowett's injured fingers are practically well again."

The nation will be relieved to hear this, and we suggest it will also be glad to have the following information:—

The pimple which the Rev. R. J. Campbell cut whilst shaving has practically healed.

The Rev. Thos. Spurgeon's corn has not troubled him so much this week.

Our readers will learn with satisfaction that Dr. Clifford feels none the worse for the hot bath he recently took.

Dr. Horton found great relief from Reachem's Pills, though he did not give a guinea a box for them.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. Silvester Horne has practically recovered from the pin-prick he sustained the other day.

The Archbishop of Canterbury trod on some slippery ground not long since, but nothing happened—at least, no one heard it.

The Bishop of Hereford is able to walk with much greater comfort since his tight boot was thrown—at the other Bishops.

We are pleased to report that Mr. Silas Hocking quite enjoys the novel freedom from the trammels of his ministerial title.

Beecham's latest advertisement commences, "To be first is to occupy an enviable position." No doubt.

The American style of musical criticism is perfect. The *Musical Courier* says: "A young lady with frogs in her throat sang 'The Toad and the Maiden.'" It would have taken half a column to say this in the old country.

Mr. Hall Caine's journeyings in search of local colour are all very well, but we hesitate to believe that the Jamaica earthquake was arranged for his special benefit.

Rev. W. Newett "cannot see why a married man should not take off his hat to his wife when he meets her in the street the same as he did when single twenty or thirty years before." He might have added the name of the hair restorer he uses, as this has much to do with the question.

We noted this heading in a paper lately: "Serious Side of *Punch*." This, of course, means the inside.

Whatever one may think of the West Ham guardians, this must be placed to their credit—they recently returned some tips. True, these were boot tips.

An application was recently made to the West Ham Education Committee by a lady teacher for leave of absence to get married. It was refused, and it was suggested this kind of thing should be done in the holidays. But the holidays surely are for recreation.

At Birkenhead two detectives disguised in widow's weeds succeeded in arresting a bookmaker. It might have been worse; after all, they were not real widows.

A boy recently left his home at Brighton, taking a mouse in a bag, in search of fortune. This is a slight variant from the Whittington story of the lucky cat; but probably the boy thought the cat would soon follow.

Even a worm will turn, and we record with satisfaction that a horse at Redhill jumped into a motor-car after a collision. Other horses, please copy.

Interrogated as to her new title, Mrs. Langtry says she does not intend to use "de Bathe" until she returns to England. Shocking!

The Duke of Northumberland, speaking of education, says "we have strained small brains farther than they can go." He was thinking of the Lords' debate!

Judge Bacon says: "No self-respecting woman would wear the same dress two days running at Ascot." He must mean the Oaks? We have not noticed any ladies running at Ascot.

Miss Bunting, who was nurse to the Marquis of Bute's daughter, has been engaged by the Queen of Spain. Does this mean "Baby, baby, Bunting"?

A baker complained at Clerkenwell that his trade had suffered owing to competition. The distribution of JOHN BULL's biscuits, no doubt.

An action in the Irish Court is being brought to "attach" Mr. Walter Long. We should not care about it ourselves, but *chacun à son goût*. Whoever gets him has our sympathies.

The latest from the Transvaal is that "Abe" Bailey is to oppose Edward Solomon. If the women have votes, the latter will romp in with 800 certain.

"Spiv" Bagster, who inherited some money a year or so ago, was charged with burglary last week. His "defence" was, "He did it with good intentions." The owner of the flat objects to the road to Hades being paved with his belongings.

What extraordinary people there must be at Banbury! Somebody has stolen the portrait of Mr. Perks, M.P., from an institute. Reward, £1. Both the offence and the reward take the biscuit.

A man on strike was charged at Leeds with throwing dust in another man's eyes. Being neither a politician nor a journalist, it was a grievous offence.

Mr. Clement Shorter advocates the abolition of the dramatic critic and his "criticisms." If not altogether abolished, we could do with them Shorter.

Judy is now owned by Mrs. Woodiwiss, and edited by Mr. Vogt. Is this an intelligent fulfilment of Witty-Cur's prophecy, which called the paper *Jewdy*?

"A Woman in the Way" is the title of a story in a contemporary. A Suffragette, of course.

The Korean Cabinet has decided that all officials must cut off their hair. A barbarous enactment.

Motto for cabmen: "Half a bob is better than no fare."

A white sparrow is reported to have been seen in Battersea Park. Has Barrie's "Little White Bird" escaped?

"Can Men Fly?" everyone is asking. We know several who frequently indulge in a little flutter.

"A Half-way Kiss" is the title of a sketch at the Empire. What a mouth!

"The Queen of Spades" is the coming ballet at the Alhambra. The deuce must be in it if it doesn't prove trumps.

The new Shah is going in for bridge. He held his first "Grand S(a)lam" last week.

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THE TRUTH ABOUT CANADA.

The following is from personal experience. As far as it goes it presents a true picture of what the emigrant to Canada has to face. Our correspondent writes:—

"I should like you to publish this letter, not merely as a warning but also as an encouragement. It is a warning to the thriftless and "can't works," and an encouragement to the workers of England who think of going to Canada this year. It is no use anybody going to Canada, great or small, who is not ready to work, and work in every sense of the word—not eight hours a day, that is not known in Canada. From ten to twenty is nearer the mark. I should certainly warn clerks and counter-jumpers against going, unless they are prepared to cast off their high collars and throw away their 'fags.' There is no use for such as those. They will quickly be told to 'quit.' Also be careful about trusting to so-called philanthropic societies and emigration agencies, who say they will find you work. They will not. What they want is your fare. They get a percentage on all able-bodied men whom they dump in Canada. Don't start before the beginning of May, as the ice does not break up before then, and in the winter it very often registers 20 below zero, but it is a dry cold, and will not hurt if you do not expose yourself, and keep on the move.

"The good weather in Canada can only be counted on as ninety days; the farmer has to sow, reap, and get all his farming done in that time, and it very often means a 24-hour day. Some part of the time the sun registers 108 degrees, and you have to work, no skulking, as there is generally an overseer on horseback continually going to and fro to see you do not 'laze.' It is also said that there is splendid 'grub' to be had. What you live on is pork and beans, stoggy dumplings and tea, and you may get some canned fruit. If you want anything else, buy it; but that is not always possible, as some of these farms are miles from any store.

"An Englishman in Canada is nearly always called 'cockney,' and it is very often the case that you are put to work with 'dagoes,' that is, half-breeds, Russians, niggers, Chinese, and Poles. I tell you candidly you will find the scum of the earth in Canada. My brother was at Toronto Junction last winter, and he writes to say that the distress there is great in the winter, the Government having to keep about 800 workless, not because they won't work, but because of the terrible cold. It is impossible; everything is bound up in a grip of iron. To show how cold it is, the workers in the iron foundries have to wear fur gloves to handle the iron, or the bare flesh would stick to it owing to the intense cold. Also a 'boss' will pass an Englishman over in preference to a 'dagoe,' simply because he will work for next to nothing, and an Englishman sticks to his price. The wages paid are excellent in the busy time; a novice on a farm can get board and lodging and eight dollars a week (about 32s.) hoeing corn. If you get a job in a town the average wage is 12 dollars, or 48s., per week, but not board or lodging. You can get board and lodging for about 25s. per week.

"In the winter in the towns there are a large number of desperadoes. They suddenly jump out on you in a dark street, and you are told to 'cough up,' that is, hand over what cash you have got, or go under. The authorities and emigration agents cloak all this up, but this is perfectly true—I have my brother's letters to prove it.

"Even if you go out with sufficient cash to buy a farm site from the Government, the chances are you may get put on to a timbered patch, and the timber you cut down they tax, so that you get nothing out of it; and if you haven't got a certain amount of it cultivated within a given time they seize it, and the first crop of wheat or corn you sow you cannot do anything with, because the soil is so rich that the first crop is nearly always 'black.' Yes, there is plenty of room for workers in Canada, if you pocket your pride, and very often put up with a bed in a hay-loft instead of clean sheets, and quite as likely sleep with a lot of 'dagoes.'"

DEAR MADAM (or SIR).

May I send you some specimen copies of JOHN BULL for distribution amongst any of your friends who are not at present readers?

THE PUBLISHER.

4, Red Lion Court, Fleet Street London.

JOHN BULL'S LETTER BAG.

[JOHN BULL replies to some of his numerous correspondents.]

B. C. (London).—You were quite right in saying that if your friend wanted to make 25 per cent. on his capital invested the goods he bought for 20s. he must sell for 25s. On the other hand, if at the end of the day he looked in his till and found 25s., he could only say that 20 per cent. of that was profit. But if on the amount in his till which was his total turnover, he wanted to make 25 per cent., your friend is right in contending that he should have 26s. 8d., which, however, would have been on his capital a profit of 33 per cent. It is all a question of whether you are dealing with profit on capital, or turnover.

A. G. (Hull) is "an amateur ventriloquist," and he wants to know whether he should send two guineas to Mr. Fred Fortune, who is connected with Messrs. Brock and Starr, of 371, Essex Road, Islington. Our advice to A. G. is that he should go on practising, and not dissipate his Fortune for Brock's benefit. He'll never be a Starr.

W. C. H. writes from Broken Hill, telling us how after the day's prospecting mining work is over he and his mates enjoy JOHN BULL. He sends us a commission for a mining manual costing a few shillings, but, like the absent-minded beggar he is, forgets to enclose the cash. Still, he shall have the book.

J. C. (Woking) asks us to agree with him that the Press was wrong in condemning the men who stood by whilst that unfortunate woman drowned herself at Hampstead Heath. "Surely," says J. C., "it is an act of grace rather than of duty to plunge into the water after a suicidal maniac." We should like his views as to the duty of a person in the case of a fire. Does he know the story of the gentleman who arrived home in a paroxysm of laughter, and explained he had just had "such a blooming lark at a fire?" "There was an old chap," said he, "calling for help from the top floor window. And me and my mate shouts to 'im—'Ere, jump out into this blanket," and the old buffer, out 'e jumps, and comes flyin' through the air and breaks 'is bloomin' neck—we 'adn't got no blanket." No, J. C., who knows the life tragedy behind the struggles of the drowning woman? And it is not meet that she should die thus if any human aid can save her.

J. C. (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—Thanks for cutting. The vicar is in his dotage.

Mr. S. JOHN ELLIOTT (of 29, Shelley Avenue, Manor Park, E.), who professes to tell everybody his fortune for 2d., sends JOHN BULL an illuminating horoscope. We do not profess to understand what it is all about, but we shall keep our eye on Neptune and laymen and "fair flaxed-haired people," and shall be on the keen look-out for a "thin, dark man, with a scar on head and face." Perhaps it is Jim Crow. He is to cause "a rumpus" about every other week. On the other hand, we are apparently to gain by "royal personages and the Church."

E. W. B. (Stroud Green) claims that he has invented a knife-cleaning machine which can be retailed at 4s. or 5s., and wants to be put in communication with somebody who would interest himself in it. If his claim is well founded, he is indeed supplying the proverbial "long-felt want," and by getting in touch with the Spring Bolt Manufacturing Company, of 4, Clerkenwell Green, he may hear of something to his advantage.

"BISHOP" (Harlesden) has had a furious argument with a friend, and has been challenged to give an instance of a Church of England Bishop entertaining lavishly. "Bishop" should get a copy of "The Fatal Opulence of Bishops," by the Rev. Hubert Handley, Vicar of St. Thomas's, Camden Town, and published by A. and C. Black. On pages 93 and 94 of this book is set out a long letter, from a living and typical diocesan Bishop, enumerating his expenses, including £2,500 out of a total income of £4,200, for "entertainment of clergy and laity from a distance." The accuracy of these figures, however, is severely challenged by the Rev. Mr. Handley.

"NEWRAD" (Carmarthen) says that a few weeks ago we were sarcastic at his expense anent the award in the "Four Just Men" competition. We cannot remember having been so. He sends us his solution of the mystery, which certainly was very near to that of the author of the story.

J. C. (Plaistow) has a grievance. He is out of employment, and finding that casual wards were verminous, to ensure a more comfortable night's lodging he broke a window. He was bound over upon consenting to go to a Salvation Army home, the "Army" officials promising to find him employment. He says he was taken to a Whitechapel shelter and set to work at a task which was neither remunerative nor respectable. He, therefore, applied to the magistrate at the East Ham Police-court for assistance, whereupon the Clerk said, "You have been three times convicted for felony; you are a speaker for Socialist platforms, and were one of the leaders at Triangle Camp," and the Chairman refused to do anything more for him. J. C. says that the two convictions other than that for window-smashing, were for stealing bread when hungry. The term "felony"—although perhaps technically correct—is, in our opinion, a bit harsh. Though we do not agree with all the views of Socialists and the rough and ready "Back to the Land" people, we are far from considering the holding of such opinions as criminal. Should any of our readers know of a situation suitable for

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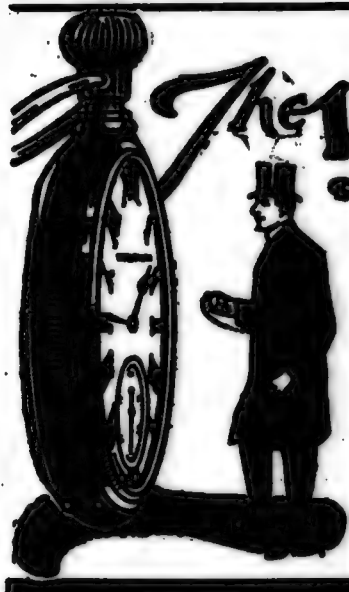
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READ THIS:—

CHINGFORD.
It is with pleasure I now write to tell you the Varicose Veins in my leg have almost entirely disappeared. When I think of the agony I endured, and the continual fear I had of my veins bursting, I cannot adequately express my gratitude for the benefit received from your Odo-Magnetic Treatment.

and this:—

DOVER STREET, CANTERBURY, KENT.
Since my last report I have made so much progress that I am now able to state the Varicose Veins have entirely disappeared. I cannot express how thankful I am for the great relief derived from your treatment.

(Originals can be seen.)

Call or write for particulars (post free).

Health Appliances Co., 73, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.

"**VARISITY**" (Colne).—After investigation, we came to the conclusion that the Cleave treatment is, on the whole, a genuine one, although we are not particularly impressed with it from the point of view of increasing the height.

H. H. (Forest Gate).—Thanks for interesting letter. You are the sort of reader we like.

M. F. (Scarborough).—We can make you no offer for your "original play of words upon the Darwinian theory."

J. J. (Glasgow).—Glad you agree with us about Keir Hardie. You see, we both know him. Thanks for cutting.

J. N. (Richmond).—We are afraid we cannot help you in the matter, which is one for private negotiation.

T. C. (Buckhaven).—We have read your poem—and forfeited the stamp. This being your first offence, we have let you off with the penny fine.

H. O. (Sandhurst) tells a remarkable story. He sent a photograph of his late wife to Tanqueray, in Paris, together with 10s., and has really received an excellent crayon enlargement. H. O. is an hotel proprietor, and says JOHN BULL is the only paper people purloin from his place. The only way to deal with the difficulty is for H. O. to order a few extra copies.

F. C. D. (Bromley) is a builder, and has issued an open letter to the ratepayers and burgesses of Bromley (Kent) in reference to a dispute he has with the local authority. It appears to us that both sides have sometimes been in error, but it is obvious from F. C. D.'s manifesto that he is well capable of looking after himself, and consequently, if the Council has treated him wrongly, he will be able to obtain redress.

"**ANTI-CANT**" (Doncaster).—We believe the advertisement to be genuine, subject, of course, to such reasonable discount as must always be allowed in these matters. We are sorry you do not consider the question of Mr. Chamberlain's health a matter of public concern. Would you consider it wrong if the King were dangerously ill for the fact to be concealed from the public?

THE MAGIC FOOT DRAFT COMPANY, of 65, Holborn Viaduct, does not consider our reference to their disclaimer of all connection with the Brahm Lever Watch Company "quite strong enough." We agree that no disclaimer of connection with such a firm as the Brahm could be too strong.

H. W. W. (London Bridge) wishes us to explain one of our jokes. That, however, is against our rules. He further recommends everybody suffering from rupture to go to a gentleman whose address he gives us, but he omits to send the advertisement money.

"**BRITISHER**" (Birmingham) takes exception to Miss Peggy Warrender's opinions of America and Americans. He thinks she is "a nut"—which he assures us is an Americanism. He does not, however, suggest that she is cracked. Perhaps he likes her better in Paris.

H. J. (Cardiff) recently bought a private school which, under his management has been progressing by leaps and bounds. From 30 pupils he has got up to about 100, and he now wishes to hear of someone who will co-operate with him in making certain improvements to increase the accommodation of the building. Is any reader interested in the subject?

The Rev. A. C. C. (Eltham Park), C. W. W. (London), and the Town Clerk of Lowestoft, write testifying to the bona-fides and ability of Mr. H. T. Hamblin, Optician, of 72A, New Oxford Street, to whom we recently made a somewhat flippant reference in this column.

A. H. R. (Staines) asks when the libel action of Waring and Gillow v. the *Daily Mail* is coming off. We suggest he should apply to our contemporary for the information.

J. C. (Chelsea) has a small farm near Wickford Market, and while recently attending the sales there, was handed a card soliciting patronage for the "pony stallion, 'Hadleigh Recruit,' the property of the Salvation Army." J. C. tells us that the Hadleigh pigs which come to market are in "a most filthy state," and he asks us to run down and inspect them. We have referred the matter to Jim Crow.

A. E. G. (Birmingham) solicits our vote and interest on behalf of the Shop Hours' Bill, and tells us "there are many working in Birmingham 70 to 100 hours per week." What are the local authorities doing? We thought Birmingham was such an ideally-governed city.

H. E. (Notting Hill) is interested in the case of Albert Upton, who is undergoing a term of six months' imprisonment in the second division. H. E. maintains it is a case of mistaken identity, and, having communicated with the Home Office, he feels aggrieved that sufficient attention has not been paid to his representations. If H. E. will send us any documents in his possession establishing his contention, they shall have our best consideration.

J. C. F. (Belfast) is going to America. He has £50 in a Post Office Savings' Bank, and wishes to know the safest way of taking the money with him. He also desires advice as to what business he should embark upon, having "only a knowledge of the wholesale paper trade." He further asks what particular line of boats he should travel by. No wonder he says "Good Luck to JOHN BULL." He had better obtain some of the excellent literature issued for the information of intending emigrants by the Board of Trade Intelligence Department. As to the £50, he should purchase a letter of credit from the steamship office, or Messrs. Cook, or the local branch of an American bank.

RACING NOTES.

By W. LOTINGA.

("Larry Lynx" of "The People.")

Jumping's a Different Game.

We should benefit far more frequently than not, by not "jumping in" to take the early prices offered at the opening of betting.

A Difference.

In Australian racing, the fares to and from their Sandown Park (a very similar distance to ours) are 1st class return, 1s. 8d.; 2nd, 1s. 2d.

Contract Prices—and Supplies.

Sandown carries out the whole of its refreshment department. Usually caterers do this under contract, paying an enormous sum for the privilege—in fact, it is not those who do it best or cheapest, but who pay the company the most who get the contract. And the public thus suffer.

They Ought to be Penalised 5lb.

The position regarding some of our best flat race jockeys being able to claim the apprentice allowance under N.H. rules is somewhat grotesque, and those who are able to obtain the services of horsemen like Butchers, Jarvis, or Walkington, for any animal that is "fancied," might well be disposed to accept a cramped price in unison with the 5lb. allowance. It will fare badly with many of our "butcher" boys who get up over hurdles if alongside Jarvis from the last obstacle!

A Sire to Patronise.

The demand for Herod blood is both keen and justified, so that it is to the advantage of breeders generally that I call attention to the fact that the powerful, compact, Engineer, by Crafton—Agnes, is now standing at White Hall, Crawley, at the absurdly low fee of 9gs., or free to proved dams of winners. Engineer was a really good but terribly unlucky race horse, and particularly speedy; although usually referred to as "little," he is quite 15-3, and a perfect tower of strength. To big staying mares he is absolutely ideally suited, and promises to become one of the most "fashionable" of equine sires.

A Break.

Obviously the Fates consider that the four months forming the jumping campaign are overcrowded, and brought about a respite which must be advantageous to officials, to the competitors, in fact, everybody, and to the advantage of the sport itself. The only real sufferers are the jockeys, for whom it means a further lessening of their already minimised chances—for there are as many cross-country horsemen at the moment as there are N.H. performers themselves. It is always best, however, for postponements and abandonments to ensue during the early portion of the campaign, inasmuch as we are now entering upon the second half, which is ever identified with immeasurably better, and higher class, sport and competitors. I cannot recall Kempton ever having been deprived of two meetings in one winter, especially consecutive dates; but as mid-winter gatherings rarely do more than pay their way the loss will not materially diminish the extraordinary Kempton dividends.

Insurance Impracticable.

I hardly know a race executive who of late seasons—especially this year, have insured their steeplechase meetings, the reason being that Lloyd's have practically killed the golden goose by an extraordinary unreasonable increase of premiums. But five or six seasons ago a very fair amount of business was done in covering the jumping meetings at 6 per cent. It chanced to be a severe winter, so that it meant a big loss to the underwriters, who instantly raised their future premiums to 25 per cent. Thus race executives have of late become their own insurers, taking the risk, which really means about 3 to 1 every time. On the average Kempton, Sandown, Hurst Park, etc., hold four jumping fixtures, so that if one of the quartette should have to be abandoned it about averages what would need to be paid for insuring them all. It must be borne in mind, too, that a premium once paid is lost, whether a claim is possible under the policy or not. Thus, for instance, assuming that a meeting is covered for £500, a £125 premium would have to be deducted from any claim made, which works out that an executive takes 3 to 1 each time.

South Africa.

Year by year racing in our Colonies improves, although it still does not take a very good one to win the chief handicaps in South Africa. Almost every boat something or other of English blood stock is shipped there for either racing or breeding purposes. The whole thing is a complete lottery, for the risks of a voyage are enormous, not so much as regards actual death (for the premium is but 10 per cent.), but of ailment being contracted either through a cold caught en route in the necessarily open boxes, or by feet trouble in consequence of such a long period of inactivity and standing almost in one place. We have heard of quite recent important events in the Southern hemisphere being won by really bad horses—even the moderate Irish steeplechaser, Mount Hilary. Give and Take—who cost 30 sovs. here two years ago—and Little Willie, weeded out for £40, are among the "cracks" of the present day turf there, while the champion Galloway is Cup of Peril, who was claimed out of a selling race when owned by Lord Crewe, and was horribly moderate later on as Mr. Tom Southall's property. A three-year-old that I have this week shipped to South Africa in Wise Beauty will, I hope, prove to be a very doughty antagonist if not the superior of Cup of Peril, for she is of the right height, stamp, soundness, and strength. Her purchaser is, curiously, entirely unknown to me, but paid me the compliment of cabling the week of the Newmarket December sales, asking me to purchase and ship for him some half dozen racehorses—and subsequently this Galloway. I shall thus take great interest in their doings, and must hope the necessary luck will attach to whatever purchase I make similarly for him or others—present or future.

Horses for Courses.

This is a very stereotyped, but true, theory which we see exemplified time after time; in some cases horses go many a week or sometimes the whole year round before they achieve any success, and then only when visiting the scene of a former triumph. Football teams, too, often win only on their own or certain grounds. That there can be any advantage in position, especially on a straight course, would seem ridiculous, and yet recent results have shown that one side of a course is—speaking in weight—10 lbs. better to a horse than its opposite. The character of the going is usually the main factor, while even when it claims but the

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slightest advantage, the rails side invariably produces nine-tenths of the winners on all courses. If one takes Sandown, Kempton, Hurst Park, or almost any track, it is invariably the same—why it should be, on absolutely straight courses like Sandown or Kempton's 5 furlongs, is inexplicable! At Newmarket, too, to the eye the going is exactly alike, and yet here the great percentage of winners gallop on the left, or under the stand side, and it is becoming quite an adage that "nothing" wins on the higher ground. The greatest exemplification of the gain through position is often given at Lingfield. At the last flat race meeting there not a SINGLE winner figured on the far, or rails, side which ordinarily is chosen and presumably being the nearest home, is beneficial. At Goodwood, despite the continuous alteration of the Stewards' Cup 6 furlong track, horses drawn on the stand or dip side are never known to win. At Newbury the far-side competitors gain everything, and it is the same at Epsom, where the shrewdest speculators will not look at anything unless positioned at the gate among the first few on the left-hand side. It would be imagined that the draw could not affect races or results when the course is perfectly straight, but the continuous happenings prove that such well-founded opinion is nevertheless a myth.

Nomenclature.

How many horses are there still competing unnamed, for the Jockey Club will not follow the sensible rule of the N. H. Stewards, that no animal unnamed can be entered. As a rule merely apathy is responsible for this leaving without title, except a few commercial owners who thereby—especially if the horse be a good one—advertise the sire. And how little thought is given to the choice of an apt name. We see the most stupid selections hurriedly and thoughtlessly made, unending silly names employed, and even one-time popular names of cracks utilised for a crack. Confusion now and in future stud books is endless and unnecessary. There is an old saying, anent racing, that the best judges are the great "B.P." And so it would usually be in these matters. Two—much less hundreds—of heads are better than one—even an owner's plus his friends. And how keen the public are to give such a helping hand is evidenced by the vast number of replies I received after mentioning that Sir Thomas Dewar was seeking a name for his two-year-old by Royal Hampton—St. Elizabeth. Many names were duplicated tenfold, but erasing the numerous "Saints" and "Royals," to which the owner objects, the following titles were suggested:—"Court Virgin," "Virgin Maze," "Happy Hampton," "Hampton Maze," "Lady Hampton," "Hampton Lass," "Hampton Bess," "Lady Hamilton," "Court Maiden," "Appy 'Ampton," "The Maze," "Hampton Beauty," "Ham Court," "Bess Hampton," "Fountain Court," "Apps Court," "River Court," "Vine Court," "Hampton Court," "Court Favour," "Wolsey Court," "Court Lassie," "Court Favourite," "El Royton," "Cardinal Wolsey," "Herman," "Hampton Queen," "Queen Bess," "Good Queen," "Good Queen Bess," "Elizabeth Hampton," "Lizzie Hampton," "Liza Hampton," "Queen Elizabeth," "Wolsey's Gift," "Hampton Liz," "Queen of Portugal," "Portuguese Pride," "Hampton Stream," "Hampton Lock," "Bet Hampton," "Ruffle Maid," "Merry Maze," "Grape Vine," "Merrie Englands," "Hungary," "Regal Saint," "Edward the Confessor," "Sir Tommy," "Larry Lynx," "John the Baptist," "Lambeth," "Hampton Pride," "Olde Hamptonian," "Hampton Knight," "Sir Walter Rayleigh," "Father Thames," "The Armada," "Hemelilton," "Lickall," "Hatfield Palace," "The Fore-runner," "Queen's Gallery," "Regalia," "River Lass,"

Mr. Gant, of 25, Conduit Street, London, W., issues a waistcoat-pocket book for 1907, which for beauty and neatness we do not remember to have seen equalled. The binding is in red leather; there is a patent fastener, among the most adroit of its kind; the leaves are gilt-edged, and a natty little pencil is cunningly lodged within the book. A calendar—episcopal, financial, and astronomical—and business register is packed into a small compass, useful things to know alone finding a place in it. There are pages for social records, and a complete diary for the year. A handsomer little diary could hardly be desired, sent free to all clients! Mr. Gant's business is perhaps the largest Turf accountancy concern in the world, and his premises are situated in the very heart of the West End of London—namely, 25, Conduit Street, W. He has been established for many years, and is himself a well-known member of Tattersall's Subscription Rooms, which is a testimonial that requires no further remarks. Mr. Gant was the originator of the no-limit system—that is to say, he was the first Turf accountant to pay his clients the full odds betted against a horse. Write,

"Jacobean," "Courtly," "Toncourt," "Olroy," "Palace Pardo," "Election," "Ruler," "New Hampton," "Britannia," "Hampton Hero," "Tudor Reign," "Court Homage," "Ryl Hampton," "Rayleigh's Realm," "Dais," "Diadem," "Bessie's Lodge," "Primate's Court," "The Cardinal," "State Apartments," "Bank Holiday," "Court Plaster," and "White Label." The whole batch has been sent on to Sir "Tommy" to make choice, and it should not be difficult to pick something very apt.

Prophetic.

Metropolitan racing seems possible at last, when Sandown supplies the usually good card. Either here, or to-day (Thursday) at Gatwick, MOUNT PROSPECT II. should win the chief Hurdle Handicap; while MICHEL has a chance for Sandown's Mole Handicap, and it would be dangerous to miss ALDERMAN in the Cardinal's Hurdle Handicap.

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